Jan. 18, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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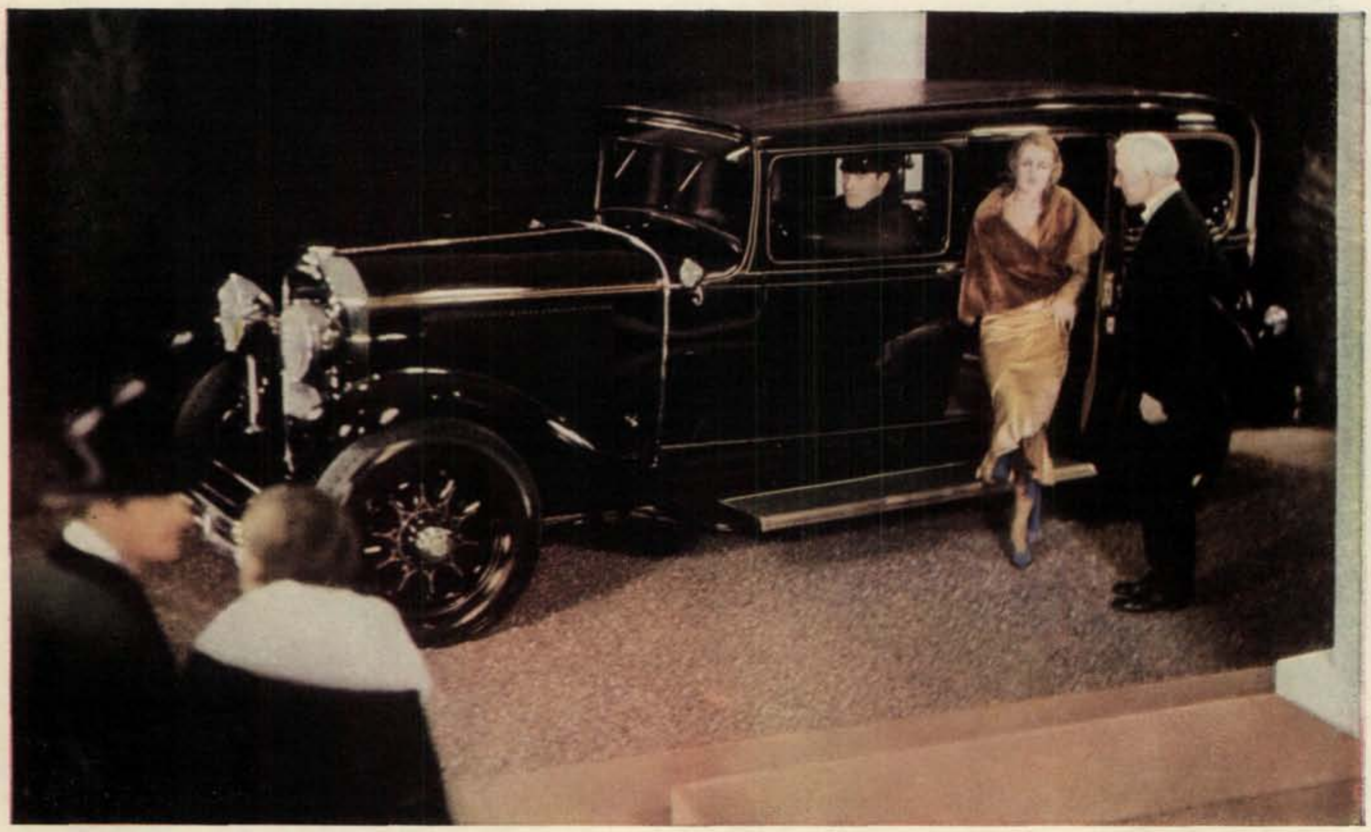

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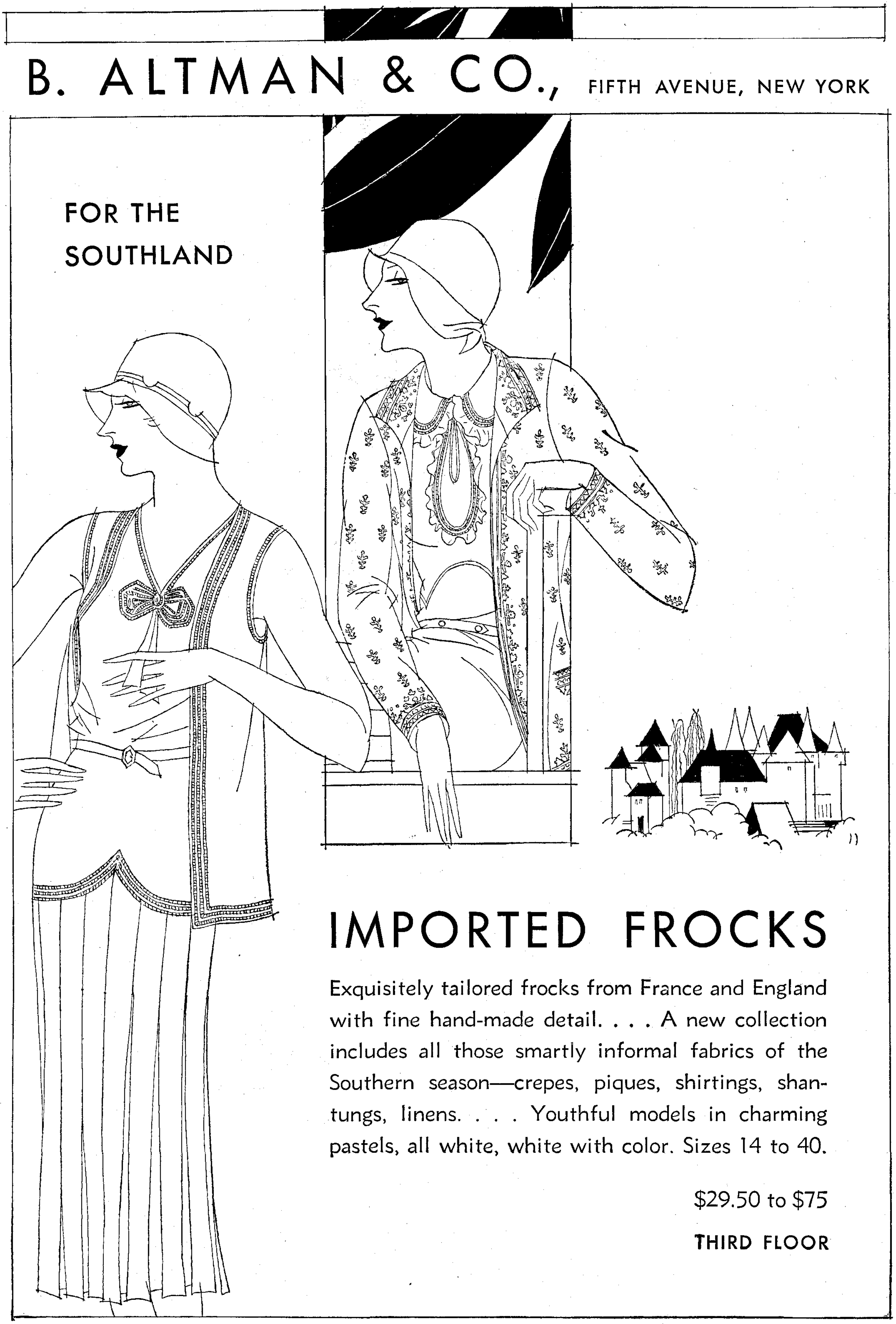

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 48, January 18, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

MACY'S
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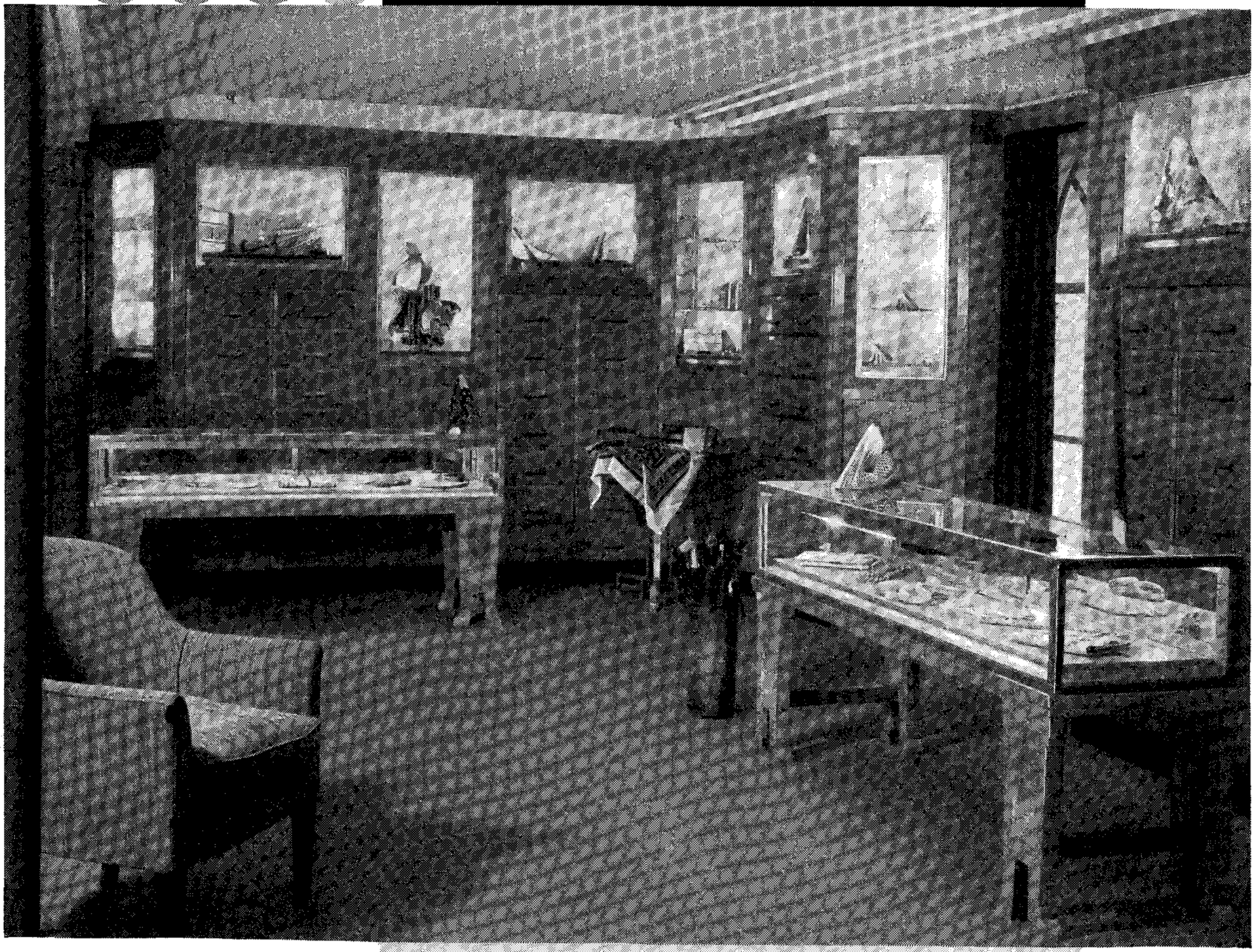

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34th STREET and BROADWAY, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 25]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS," at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

At the Bottom—A revised version of Gorky's "The Lower Depths," which is still "The Lower Depths." You know that by now. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Berkeley Square—A young man goes back a hundred and fifty years and almost upsets the Scheme of Things by falling in love with the wrong girl. Leslie Howard's performance is superb. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Bird in Hand—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Forrest, 49, W.)

Broken Dishes—Home-life comedy with Donald Meek as the turning worm. You could do lots worse. (Masque, 45, W.)

Candle-Light—A pretty light affair, but it is delightfully performed by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Ernest Glendinning. (Empire, B'way at 40. Closes Sat., Jan. 18.)

Children of Darkness—A really literate comedy of eighteenth-century family life in Newgate Prison, with possibly a little too much writing but enough originality and distinction to more than make up for it. Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis head an excellent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Master Builder," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 17.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of Barrie's play. (Sat. Mats., Jan. 18 and 25.) . . . "The Living Corpse," by Tolstoi, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Sat., Mon., and Wed. Eves., Jan. 18, 20, and 22.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's beautiful play. (Tues. Eve., Jan. 21; Thurs. Mat., Jan. 23.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Josephine Hutchinson in Claude Anet's play. (Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 24.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 25.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

The Criminal Code—Something to be seen, unless you are depressed by the workings of the Law in criminal cases. It wouldn't do you any harm to be depressed by this highly effective drama, however, and you should see Arthur Byron anyway. (National, 41, W.)

Death Takes a Holiday—Philip Merivale as the not-so-grim Reaper who finds, during a three-day lay-off, that Love, as they say, is stronger than Death. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

The First Mrs. Fraser—St. John Ervine's pleasant retelling of the old story of the witty wife whose errant husband comes back. Immeasurably aided by the presence of Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

Inspector Kennedy—William Hodge as a police inspector who solves a murder mystery by being William Hodge. (Bijou, 45, W.)

It's a Wise Child—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Journey's End—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

June Moon—There is a good, honest laugh every two minutes in this epic of a song writer. Ring Lardner and George Kaufman have seen to that, and an excellent cast makes sure of it. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

Meteor—The superman who goes through a whole play on the winning side only to find that he needn't have been a superman at all. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne head the cast. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Michael and Mary—A very nice combination of some of the things that A. A. Milne does best, with a minimum of treacle. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Salt Water—The troubles of running a Long Island ferry made entertaining by Frank Craven. (Golden, 58, E.)

Street Scene—Life, love, and sudden death, in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. Now in its second year. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Strictly Dishonorable—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Subway Express—A Van Cortlandt Park express made much more interesting than usual by a trick murder. (Liberty, 42, W.)

Waterloo Bridge—Glenn Hunter and June Walker in a tender and at times moving little play about a London street-walker whom a London air-raid brings under the chastening influence of a Canadian boy-soldier. (Fulton, 46, W.)

WITH MUSIC

Bitter Sweet—An "operette" by Noel Coward which has Miss Evelyn Laye and everything else except humor. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

Earl Carroll's Sketch Book—Pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

DEPARTMENTS
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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
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Fifty Million Frenchmen—A Cole Porter score worked into a fast American tour of Paris, with a lot of laughs and a cast that includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

George White's Scandals—In spite of several important vacancies in the old "Scandals" line-up, Mr. White has put together another of his generally satisfactory shows with the aid of Willie Howard and Frances Williams. (Apollo, 42, W.)

Heads Up!—One of the few musical comedies of the year in which people are dressed up in modern clothes and in which modern standards of comedy and music are used. Victor Moore is very funny, assisted by Betty Starbuck, Jack Whiting, and Barbara Newberry. (Alvin, 52, W.)

The Little Show—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

The Prince of Pilsen—A revival of the musical comedy by Gustav Luders. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

Sons o' Guns—Even if this weren't an excellent musical show in general, it would have Jack Donahue, which would make it one in particular. (Imperial, 45, W.)

Sweet Adeline—A musical hit replete with good stuff (and some dull stuff), Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

Top Speed—Not much that is new, but a great deal that keeps moving and dancing. With Lester Allen and Irene Delroy. (46th Street, 46, W.)

Wake Up and Dream—Mr. Cochran's very British revue which has Jack Buchanan and Jessie Matthews, and a corps of fine dancers headed by Tilly Losch. Not the best of the British revues, but nice enough. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

A Wonderful Night—If you like Viennese music at its best, this Johann Strauss score ought to give you a great evening. It is well sung by the ladies. The book is what you would expect. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

Ruth Draper—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve., except Mon. and Thurs., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Clayton, Jackson, and Durante will be at the Palace through Fri., Jan. 24. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

For Children—The Juvenile Players in "The Land of Oz," Sat. Aft., Jan. 18. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

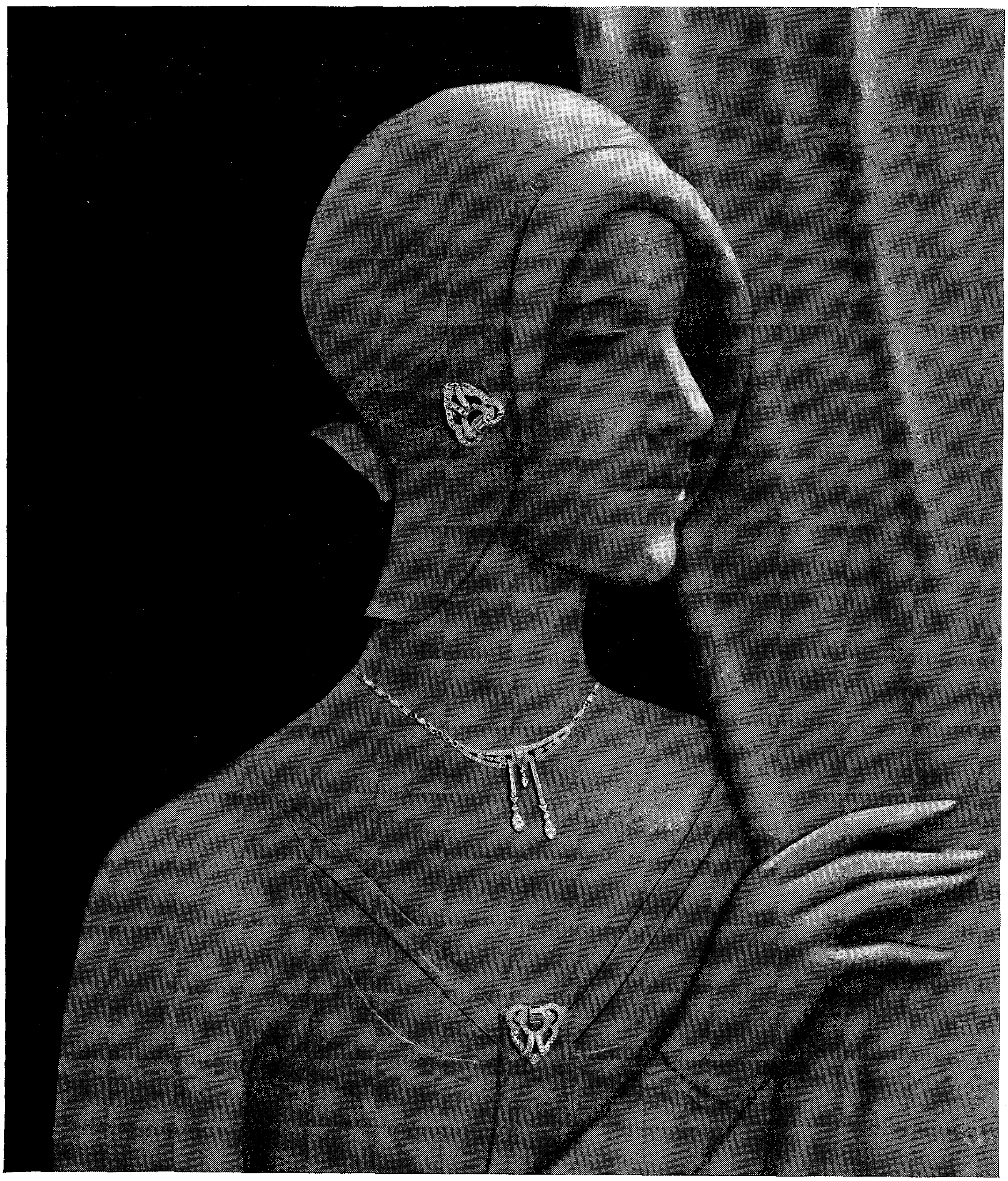
Josef Suss—Ashley Dukes' dramatization of Lion Feuchtwanger's book, "Power," with Maurice Moscovitch. Opens Mon., Jan. 20. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

Everything's Jake—A comedy by Don Marquis, with Thurston Hall and Catherine Willard. (Assembly, 39, E. Mat. Tues.)

Strike Up the Band—Clark and McCullough in

• **(Continued on page 6)**



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(Continued from page 4)

a new show with George Gershwin music. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

DANCE RECITALS

Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi—The remarkable modern German dancers in another recital: Sun. Eve., Jan. 19. (Craig, 54, E. 8:45 P.M.)

Paul Haakon—Young Danish dancer in New York début, assisted by Esther Rosen. Sun. Eve., Jan. 19. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue.*

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Dances by Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry, and Tina Meller, of "Wake Up and Dream." Music by Leo Reisman. Must dress.

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Where you will find Miss Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana. What more could you want? Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Featuring Irene Bordoni and Harry Richman, back from Hollywood. Tangoes by Medrano and Donna.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his orchestra.*

Broadway Atmosphere—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), with Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.*. . . The Yacht Club, 117 W. 48, has the original Yacht Club Boys. . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of Paris.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive new place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Jack Powell, the trap-drummer. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—Russiana, 216 W. 44, has Kosloff and an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57th, is another amusing place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

Devil May Care—Ramon Novarro sings a song or two, and is generally very gallant, in this romance of Napoleon's day. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

General Crack—Eighteenth-century romance, with John Barrymore carrying on as usual. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hollywood Revue—A full-sized musical revue, with half of Hollywood in the cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; starting Sat., Jan. 25.)

The Love Parade—A comedy with music and Chevalier, and altogether very pleasant. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Mighty—Thanks to George Bancroft this mediocre story of war and underworld is worth seeing. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

Sally—A little too much talk and fuss in this operetta, but some charming moments with Marilyn Miller. All in color. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

The Taming of the Shrew—With Douglas Fairbanks as Petruchio and Mary Pickford as a very pretty Kate. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 18-20; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Sat., Jan. 25.)

The Virginian—Owen Wister's famous old novel of the West, with Gary Cooper. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M. Closes Thurs., Jan. 23.)

News Reel Theatre—A potpourri of current events, without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

CINEMA
COMEDY
DRAMA
THEATRE
CLUB

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 25]

Note—The new Plaza movie theatre will open under the management of the old on Mon. Eve., Jan. 20. Everything will be about as it was, including smoking in the balcony. (Plaza, 42 E. 58; opening at 8 P.M.; thereafter, performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Condemned," Riviera romance transplanted to Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman; "Gold Diggers of Broadway," a spirited musical show from the Avery Hopwood farce; "The Mysterious Island," the Jules Verne story about the first submarine, part talking, with Lionel Barrymore; "Navy Blues," vivacious moments in the career of a gob on liberty interpreted by William Haines; "The Sky Hawk," noteworthy for its scenes of London air-raids in wartime.

ART

Contemporary French—The third engagement on the new battleground known as the Museum of Modern Art. "Painting in Paris," featuring Matisse, Derain, and twenty-one others: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Opens Sun., Jan., 19, at 2 P.M.; weekdays thereafter 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Friesz—A representative showing of one of the popular painters: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Gromaire—One of the French moderns: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Kantor—A promising American. Last two days: Rehn, 693 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 18.

Marin—The great American painter. Stieglitz's first show in his new quarters: Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Mauny—Excellent young man who paints with a look toward the future and a dip into the best of the past: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

New Yorker Artists—Exhibition and sale of original drawings which have appeared in your favorite magazine: S.P.R. Galleries, Penthouse of 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., starting Mon., Jan. 20.

Revenge—Stunt show in which the critics sit for their portraits to the group sponsored by this house: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Still Life—From Chardin to the Abstract. Examples from the excellent collection of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Nicholas Medtner and Nina Koshetz—Music by the former, played by the former, and sung by the latter. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17.

Harold Samuel—The Bach king in one of his afternoons at the piano. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30.

Eleanor Spencer—An American pianiste returning with a fine European reputation. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30.

Andres Segovia—The guitarist of the all-star Spanish invasion. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 19.

New York Chamber Music Society—Charming intimacies by a small ensemble. Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Jan. 19, at 9.

Beethoven Association—A surprise program by a group of otherwise unoccupied notables. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 20.

Jascha Heifetz—Not only *that* in violin playing, but an uncommonly interesting program. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 21.

Katherine Goodson—One of the famous pianistes pays us another visit. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Aft., Jan. 22.

Sophie Braslau—As fine a voice as you'll hear, in many worth-while songs. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 22.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch—A master in black and white keys. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 25.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 19. . . . Molinari conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 25, at 11 (Children's Concert).

Museum Concerts—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan. 18 and 25, at 8. (No admission charge.)

Friends of Music—Bodanzky conducting, with Harold Bauer as piano soloist: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Jan. 19, at 4.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Götterdämmerung," Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 7:45; "Romeo et Juliette," Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8; "La Tosca," Mon. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8; "Luisa Miller," Wed. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30; "Die Walküre," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8; "The Girl of the Golden West," Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2.

American Opera Company—"Yolanda of Cyprus," Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:30; "Madame Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:30. Casino Theatre, B'way at 39.

Little Theatre Opera—"The Magic Flute," by Mozart: Mon. through Sat. Eves., Jan. 20-25, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 2:30. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Jan. 17 and 24, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Jan. 18 and 25, at 9, over WEAF.

Rochester Symphony—Goossens conducting: Fri. Afts., Jan. 17 and 24, at 3:15, over WJZ.

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Jan. 17 and 24, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Grand Opera—"The Girl of the Golden West," with Alda, Amato, and Chamlee: Sat., Jan. 18, at 7 P.M., over WEAF. . . . "La Juive," by the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sat., Jan. 18, at 10 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "Romeo et Juliette:" Thurs., Jan. 23, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. . . . "Thais," by the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sat., Jan. 25, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

Henry Hadley—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Jan. 18 and 25, at 9:30, over WABC.

Light Opera—"The Lily of Killarney:" Sun., Jan. 19, at 1 P.M., over WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Jan. 19, at 3 P.M., over WOR. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat., Jan. 25, at 11 A.M., over WOR.

Elisabeth Rethberg—Soprano soloist: Sun., Jan. 19, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

Hockey—N. Y. Rangers vs. Chicago, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Jan. 19, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

Sir Esme Howard—British Ambassador, broadcasting from Washington: Tues., Jan. 21, at 7:45 P.M., over WABC.

Eva Le Gallienne—And the Civic Repertory Players, broadcasting a scene from "L'Invitation au Voyage:" Thurs., Jan. 23, at 6:30 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Tony Canzoneri vs. Jack "Kid" Berg, and Sammy Dorfman vs. Harry Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Professional Hockey—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun. Eve., Jan. 19; N. Y. Americans vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Jan. 21; N. Y. Rangers vs. Ottawa, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

Motor Boat Show—The big annual show: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Opens Fri., Jan. 17, at 7 P.M.; weekdays thereafter, 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 25.

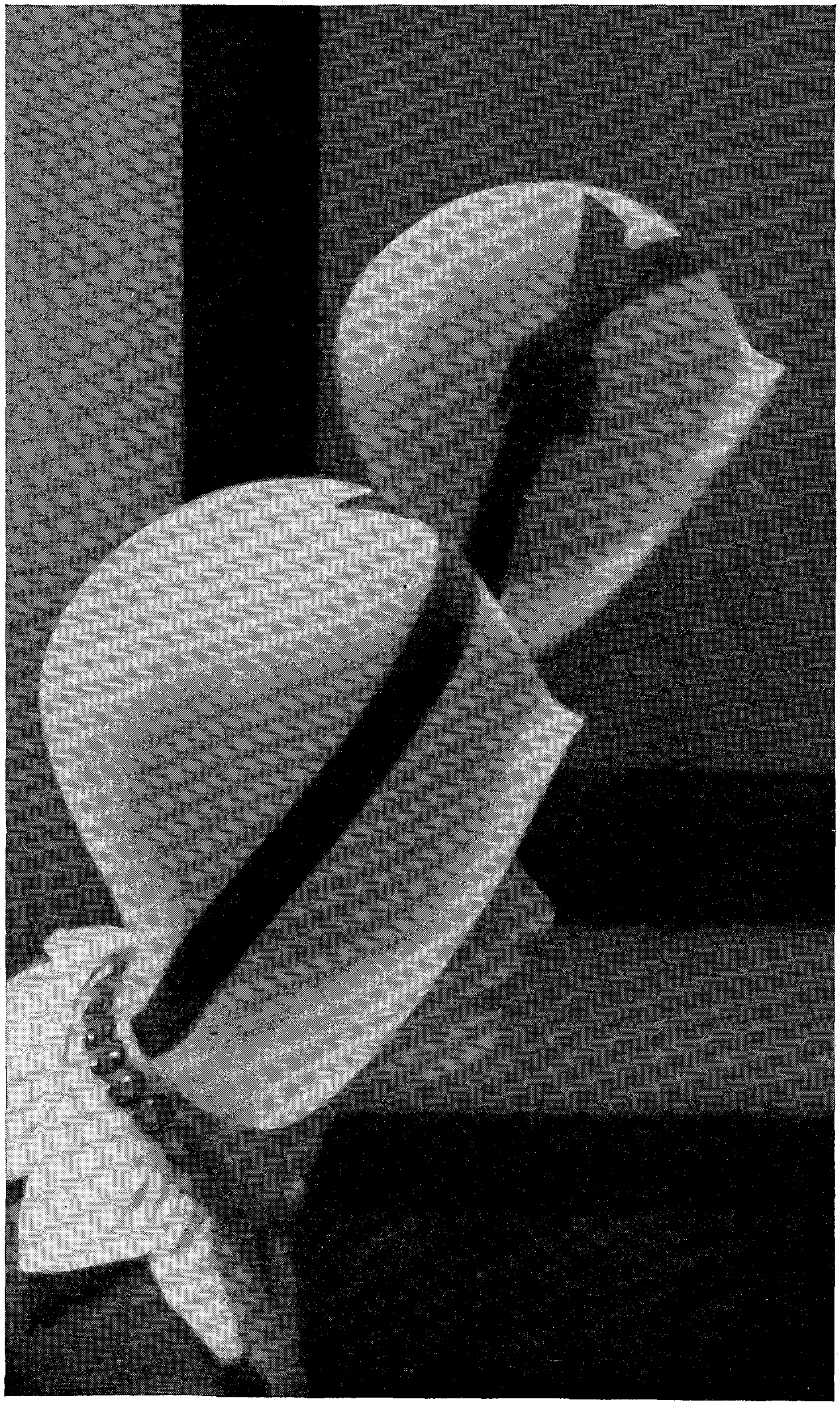
Public Balls—Bal Guignol, Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 10:30. . . . The Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 10. . . . Beaux Arts Ball (Renaissance costumes, 1460-1600), Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24.

Burton Holmes—"Motoring Through France." Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:30 and Mon. Aft., Jan. 20, at 3.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—English, French, and Italian furniture, tapestries, Oriental rugs, Queen Anne and Georgian silver, and oil paintings: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 17 and 18, at 2:15. . . . Choice collection of Currier & Ives lithographs: Wed. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:15. . . . The Ton-Ying collection of Chinese porcelains: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 24 and 25, at 2:15.

FUTURA

A KNOX HAT FOR WOMEN



IT is named deliberately . . . FUTURA is a forecast of a trend you will see throughout the spring. Knox, you know, has a brilliant reputation for sensing "tomorrow" in style, and executing it beautifully today! The tiny brim of FUTURA would be a brim if it were not a continuation of the crown; the tailored ribbon gives FUTURA fine modeling-to-the-head; the soft felt snuggles close to the nape of the neck. The spring shades of FUTURA are just as far ahead of the moment as its design. At the smartest shops throughout the country. $15.

Other Knox Hats $12.50 up

CATALOG OF KNOX RIDING HATS
FOR WOMEN ON REQUEST

EXTRA QUALITY
KNOX

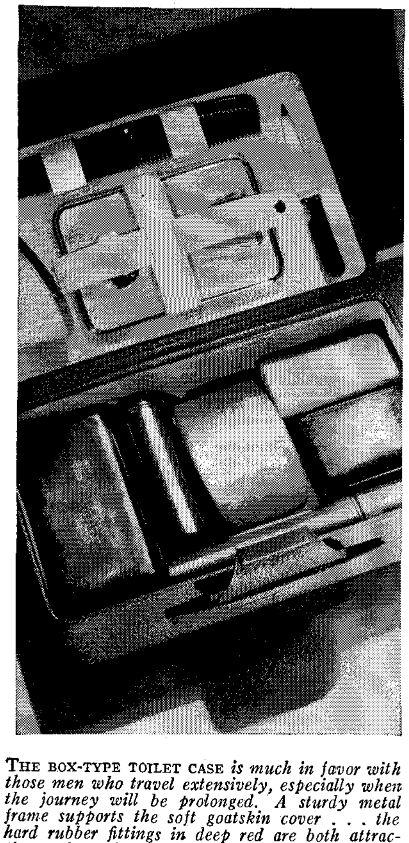
KNOX

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

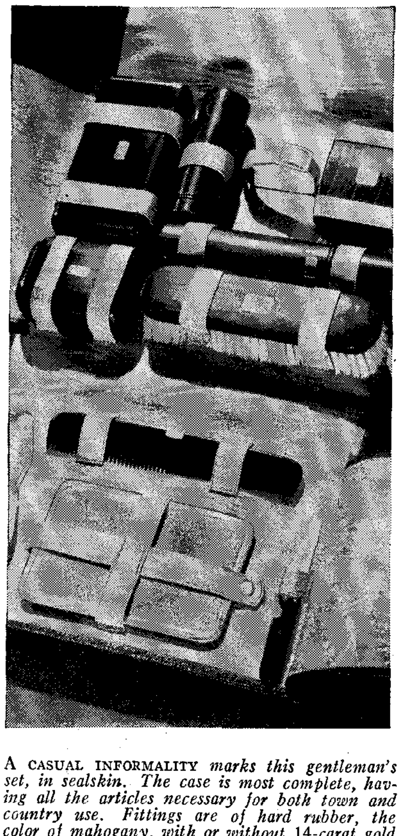
He ought to have a toilet case ...it ought to be the best

TRADE R MARK

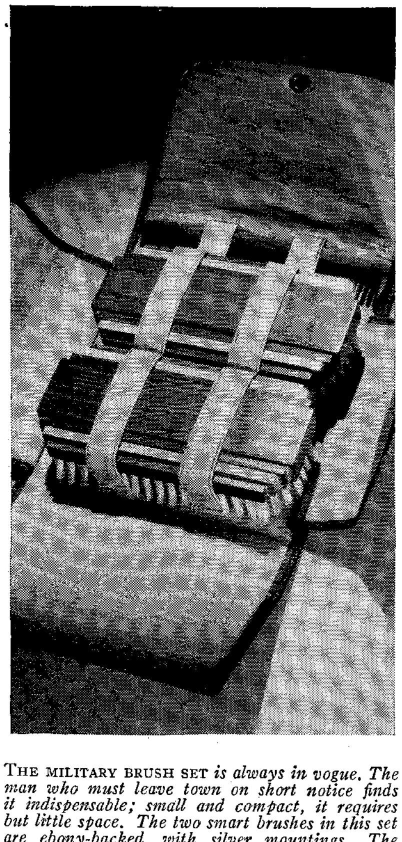
IT IS NOT too much to say that no man should be without a toilet case. He needs one at home, and he needs one when he travels. In Stockholm or the Congo . . . in the country, or at his own apartment . . . mirror, razor and brushes are always where they should be. He knows exactly where to find each object, every time. . . . For generations, men with an instinct for the better things in life, have governed their selection of toilet cases by the same rule with which they decide upon all articles of fine leather. If, by some chance, you could see the cases they have chosen, you would almost invariably find them marked with a tiny golden keystone R. . . . That imprint is the house insignia of C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., an establishment devoted to the making of fine leather goods. It assures you . . . as your own appreciation of lovely things will enable you to sense . . . that you can buy no better gift. . . . Holding the case in your hand, you immediately discern its true value. The very feel and fragrance of the leather reflect the finished materials, and expert, unhurried workmanship. . . . For the men who have labored upon these cases have an enviable knowledge of leather . . . a genuine affection for the work of their hands . . . a passion for excellence not too frequent in this world. . . . C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and at stationers.



THE BOX-TYPE TOILET CASE *is much in favor with those men who travel extensively, especially when the journey will be prolonged. A sturdy metal frame supports the soft goatskin cover . . . the hard rubber fittings in deep red are both attractive and serviceable. The same case also comes in ostrich, pigskin, and other leathers.*



A CASUAL INFORMALITY *marks this gentleman's set, in sealskin. The case is most complete, having all the articles necessary for both town and country use. Fittings are of hard rubber, the color of mahogany, with or without 14-carat gold mountings for one's initials. The case is also available in ostrich skin.*



THE MILITARY BRUSH SET *is always in vogue. The man who must leave town on short notice finds it indispensable; small and compact, it requires but little space. The two smart brushes in this set are ebony-backed, with silver mountings. The case is of goatskin, though it may also be had in a variety of other leathers, with other brushes.*

By Invitation Member

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

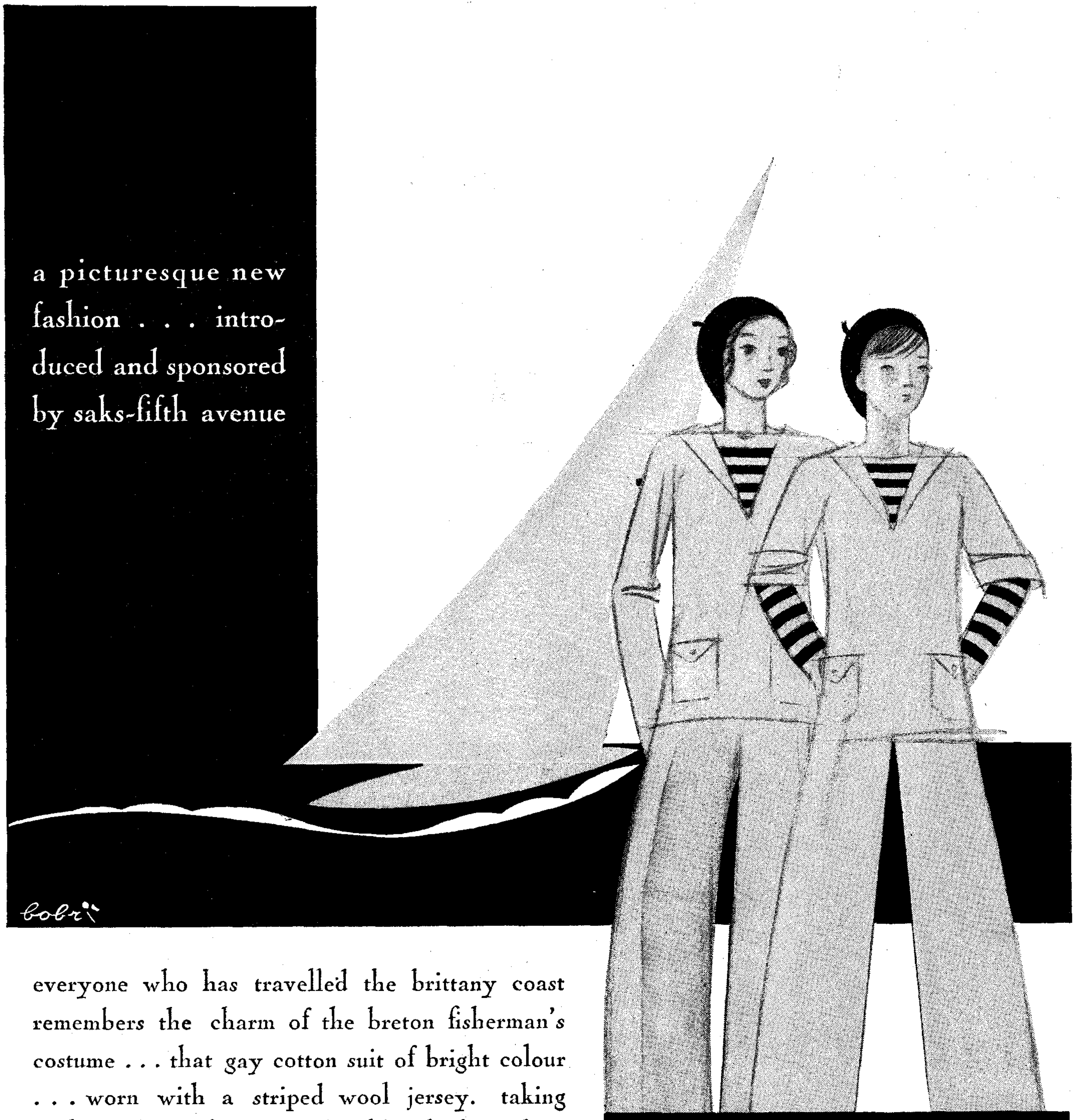
PHILADELPHIA , , , *ESTABLISHED* 1850

The Crillon—By Stewart

The smart shoe for early spring is the opera pump . . . and to women who know opera pumps . . . the Crillon. For the Crillon is the most perfect of all opera pumps. Bottiers experimented months to create this present last which enhances the high instep and the slim foot that are again this season so important a mark of the lady. The Crillon in satin for evening is 12.00 and in suede or kidskin for daytime wear, 14.50

STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.



a picturesque new fashion . . . introduced and sponsored by saks-fifth avenue

everyone who has travelled the brittany coast remembers the charm of the breton fisherman's costume . . . that gay cotton suit of bright colour . . . worn with a striped wool jersey. taking a hint from the smart world which gathers at antibes (where it goes about picturesquely disguised in the working clothes of the marseilles fisherman) . . . saks-fifth avenue now introduces the breton sailor suit as the perfect resort costume. colourful . . . comfortable . . . and of the proper *genre* to be fashionable.

obtainable for men, women, misses, boys and girls

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

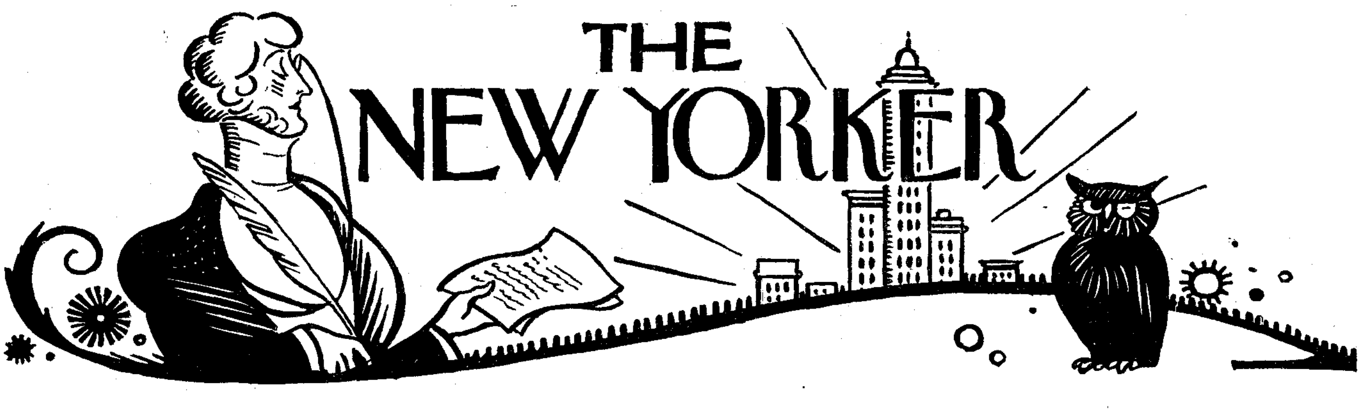
NEW YORK
PALM BEACH
CHICAGO
MIAMI BEACH

© 1930 by Saks & Co.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE'S ADAPTATION OF THE

BRETON

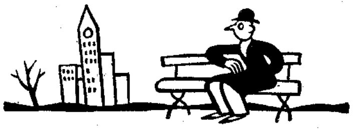
FISHERMAN SUIT . . . FOR BEACH AND RESORT WEAR



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

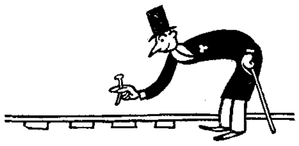
SEATED on a cold bench in Madison Square, looking upon the perpendicular and vasty halls of life insurance, we meditated upon the life and times of Darwin P. Kingsley. No seat is so apt to turn one's thoughts to the uncertainty, the hazards, the unreliability of life, as a bench in a park—the stream of people passing by, each groping his diagonal course along; the companions of the bench, one asleep, one reading the want ads fearfully, one reading the editorials darkly; the chimes spilling the incomprehensible hours, each bell with its tongue in its cheek. As we sat there, cold and afraid, hunched into our coat, we recalled a little newspaper item saying that the New York Life Insurance Company had recently had the greatest day in its history—five thousand new applications for policies. That was it—everybody was scared; people were timid birds running to cover under Mr. Kingsley's wing. After a bit, we got up from our bench and skulked about at the base of the towers, enjoying the momentary security of their nearness. Then, hearing another bitter hour strike, we walked away, still cold and uninsured.

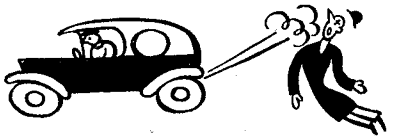


SOMETIMES we marvel that the *Times* is able to publish at all, considering the odds it faces. In even a simple situation, such as reviewing a play, the *Times* often finds itself hopelessly inarticulate because of its own standards of decency. Take the play "Waterloo Bridge," which is about prostitutes; most newspapers, faced with the task of reviewing a play about prostitutes without using the word "prostitute," would fold up and go home. Not the *Times*. Its reviewer went bravely ahead for half a column, referring successively to "*les belles impures*," "the erring sisters," "the antiquity of Myra's profession," and "sister in sin," and never once using the word. That kind of circumlocution is not simple, and further, it takes up much space—which costs money to a newspaper publisher. We think people don't give the *Times* enough credit. It has a kind of heroism all its own.

IT was with a devilish gay twinkle in our eye that we read the accounts of rioting in the Museum of Natural History, at the overcrowded Einstein lecture. Space, it occurred to us in our devilish gay mood, wasn't a theory there, Einstein or no Einstein. There just wasn't room enough for all the people.

WE feel it our duty to set at rest the fears of any of our readers who may be worried about Death Avenue. Everything is all right over there, apparently. It's true that Mayor Walker drew a spike out of the railroad, but only one spike is gone, and it's hardly missed. We phoned the New York Central ourself, being worried lest anything happen to our favorite thoroughfare, and they assured us that we needn't be frightened—nothing much will happen for a while. "It was just kind of a ceremony," they said. Mr. Walker has not been back to pull any more spikes, and the trains are running slowly down the middle of the street as usual. The first agitation about Death Avenue started when Eustace Tilley was in his teens.

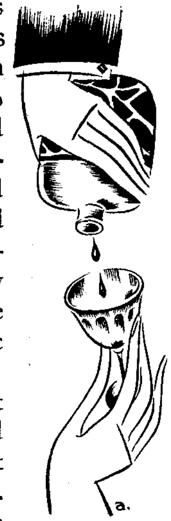




THE palm this week goes to Dr. Frazer, of Johns Hopkins, who has discovered a way to eliminate carbon monoxide from the exhaust of motor cars. We had given ourself two more years to live in New York before being killed by poison gas (probably in the taxi arcade in Vanderbilt Avenue); but now it looks as though we might reach a ripe old age. The buses in Fifth Avenue alone exude enough monoxide every afternoon at five o'clock to injure the health of anybody but a New Yorker. Monoxide does something to blood corpuscles, and without corpuscles we are lost. Poison gas from motor cars is just one of the ridiculous symptoms of an age when people create machines to blow death in their own faces. We happen to be rabid on the subject, and insist that the city immediately enact a law requiring all vehicles to be equipped with the new device for purifying the exhaust just as soon as it is manufactured commercially. That is what we demand. What we expect is something else again. We expect the usual indifference, delay, and ineffectualness. We expect to be breathing monoxide for quite a while yet, even though it is known to be injurious to health and, in larger quantities, deadly.

Big Glass

THE Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company called on us on Tuesday to point out an error in our mention of the Lucky Strike window in Broadway. We said the tricky job of bent glass in that storefront was rejected by all the glassmakers in America and that a French concern was called in to do the delicate work. The cold fact is that the Pittsburgh company put that window in and thought nothing of it. Tossed it off. Nor did it cost twenty-eight hundred dollars; only about five hundred. What we related was just a romantic legend which had grown up.



We fell into friendly chat with the Pittsburgh people and learned further facts about important glass around town. For instance: The largest pane in the city—probably the largest in the world—is in Aeolian Hall. It is about twenty feet by thirteen. Gimbel Brothers' windows are only slightly smaller. Abercrombie & Fitch's are third. The Pittsburgh Company keeps replacements for all of these windows in a warehouse in Long Island City, ready on short notice to put in a new pane in an emergency. The company hasn't had a serious breakage during installation in the past four years, incidentally.

None of the glass is manufactured nearer to New York than the outskirts of Pittsburgh. It is shipped here in special freight cars, especially low-slung to allow enough head-room. Special trucks, also low-slung, cart the glass tenderly around town. The drivers of these trucks have special permits from the city which allow them to proceed through the streets as slowly as they see fit. They just show it to a cop and he has to shut up. The taller glass trucks cannot be driven under the "L" structures anywhere but in the neighborhood of 110th Street and therefore they frequently have to go miles up and down the island to get to their destination.

Glass-handlers are not only expert glaziers, but sort of Volga boatmen with poetry in their souls. Getting a plate of glass from truck to window-frame is ticklish. When all is ready the crate is swung on canvas strips that go underneath the lower edge; there is a handle for each end of the strip and a man for each handle. When the carriers are all in place with their slings the foreman cries "Up!" and the men lift in unison. Then the squad starts off, on its right foot—not left, as in the waltz. The leader breaks into a slow chanty or Irish folk song, the men join in, and all move, funereally and in careful step, toward the window-frame. It takes from fourteen to twenty men to handle a big glass. In addition to the carriers two men walk alongside steadying the crate with long poles, keeping it upright. It's quite a spectacle, something like a Riviera carnival, and would become folklore probably if nearly all the jobs weren't done after midnight to avoid the crowds.

Red-Handed

THE man who got the toughest break reported in Wall Street so far this year is the proprietor of a newsstand in one of the big buildings there. He was selling a *Saturday Evening Post* to a customer a day ahead of the official publication date, Thursday, and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the publisher, in town from Philadelphia, caught him at it. Mr. Curtis revealed his identity and was pretty stern. The newsdealer got a good lecture and the customer had to give his *Post* back.

Philosopher's Friends

DR. WILL DURANT, who wrote "The Story of Philosophy," sailed for the Orient last week with his wife and daughter. Before sailing he was given a dinner by his friends, numbering about five hundred. This dinner, surprisingly, was open to the public, so we attended. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Simon, Miss Janet Simon, Miss Jerry Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simon and guest, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Schuster, and Professor John Dewey, of Columbia. The dinner started at 6:30 and ended exactly at midnight, after a period of embarrassment, confusion, and disorder. Professor Dewey left at 11:45 and Ann Elizabeth Harding, ten-year-old daughter of the Nan Britton Guild, at 10:22.

Dinner consisted of grapefruit, vegetable soup, filet of sole, capon, salad, and Nesselrode pudding—a flashlight photograph being taken during the Nesselrode course and proofs distributed noisily through the audience fifty minutes later during the rendition of a Mozart sonata by Maximilian Rose. The waiters were in Confederate gray.

After dinner the speakers were introduced by Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, the first speaker being Dr. Alexander Cairns, who praised Dr. Durant highly and said of him: "God can't make Durant books without Durant." During the next speech, which also praised Dr. Durant, turban hats were passed through the banquet hall to be autographed by the guests. Among those signing the hats were Miss Ethel Durant, Mr. Frank Durant, Mr. John B. Durant, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Durant, Mrs. Joseph Durant, Jr., Mr. Sunny Moss, Miss Dolly Pepis, Raymond Duncan the goatherd, Nan Britton, several children, a trained nurse, an albino, and Professor Dewey. It was then 10:22 and Mr. Alden Freeman, a white-haired man of sixty-eight whom Dr. Durant later referred to as the man who "without words taught me the meaning of culture," rose from his seat and said in a very loud voice: "Paging Miss Ann Harding, come along Ann Elizabeth, come along—your mother wants to put you to bed." Miss Harding was led from the room, while telegrams of congratulations and good wishes to Dr. Durant were read, one from Stefansson, the explorer, and one from John Cowper Powys, the writer.

Professor Dewey spoke briefly, praising Dr. Durant's work in popularizing philosophy. Four other speeches were given on the subject of Dr. Durant, praising his character, his general habits, his standard of living, his relations with his wife Ariel ("Puck"), his treatment of philosophy, and his treatment of his daughter Ethel. One speech was given praising Mrs. Durant ("Puck"). By this time the waiters had passed the plates and received the tips, the cigar smoke had become dense, and the situation had become definitely embarrassing to any guest who, like ourself, had been drawn from the general public. Dr. Durant next spoke, praising Dr. Cairns, Alden Freeman (who had returned to the room from getting Ann Harding a taxi), Professor Dewey, the Chinese poet Li-Po, Dr. Hannah Stone, John Cowper Powys, Will Perlman, Stefansson, Mr.

R. Simon, Art Young, Mr. M. L. Schuster, Mrs. Durant (Ariel, "Puck"), Ethel Durant, Gandhi, and New York's skyline. Professor Dewey sat fairly still during this period.

The banquet would have been concluded at this point but for the arrival, in the hallway, of a troupe of actors in costume, brought there by Alden Freeman. One of the actors represented Molière and carried a laurel wreath. They were passed in the hall by Professor Dewey, going out. At 11:51 Mr. Freeman took the speaker's platform, requested the departing guests to remain, instructed the troupe of actors to wait outside, and then spoke rapidly and fantastically on a variety of subjects covering, in a general way, the trouble in Haiti, the real-estate situation in Florida, Nan Britton, the dean of the law school of N.Y.U., the books of Will Durant, and the vice-president of the National City Bank. At 11:57 the troupe of players swept into the room, Raymond Duncan, the goatherd, took the laurel wreath from Molière, and at 11:58 the wreath was placed forcibly on the head of Dr. Durant, from whose red neck and red wrists slowly trickled little persistent streams of philosophical perspiration.

Crutches for Two

A COUPLE of women must be going around town with one crutch—we hear so much about them. If not, then this is a story to end all stories about two women with a crutch. The idea is this: They get on a subway train, the one with the crutch being apparently helped by the other. Someone instantly gives up his seat, whereupon the lady with the crutch sits down and hands the support to her pal, who thereupon crutches along to the next car and gets a seat too. Don't go pulling crutches from under every woman you see, though.

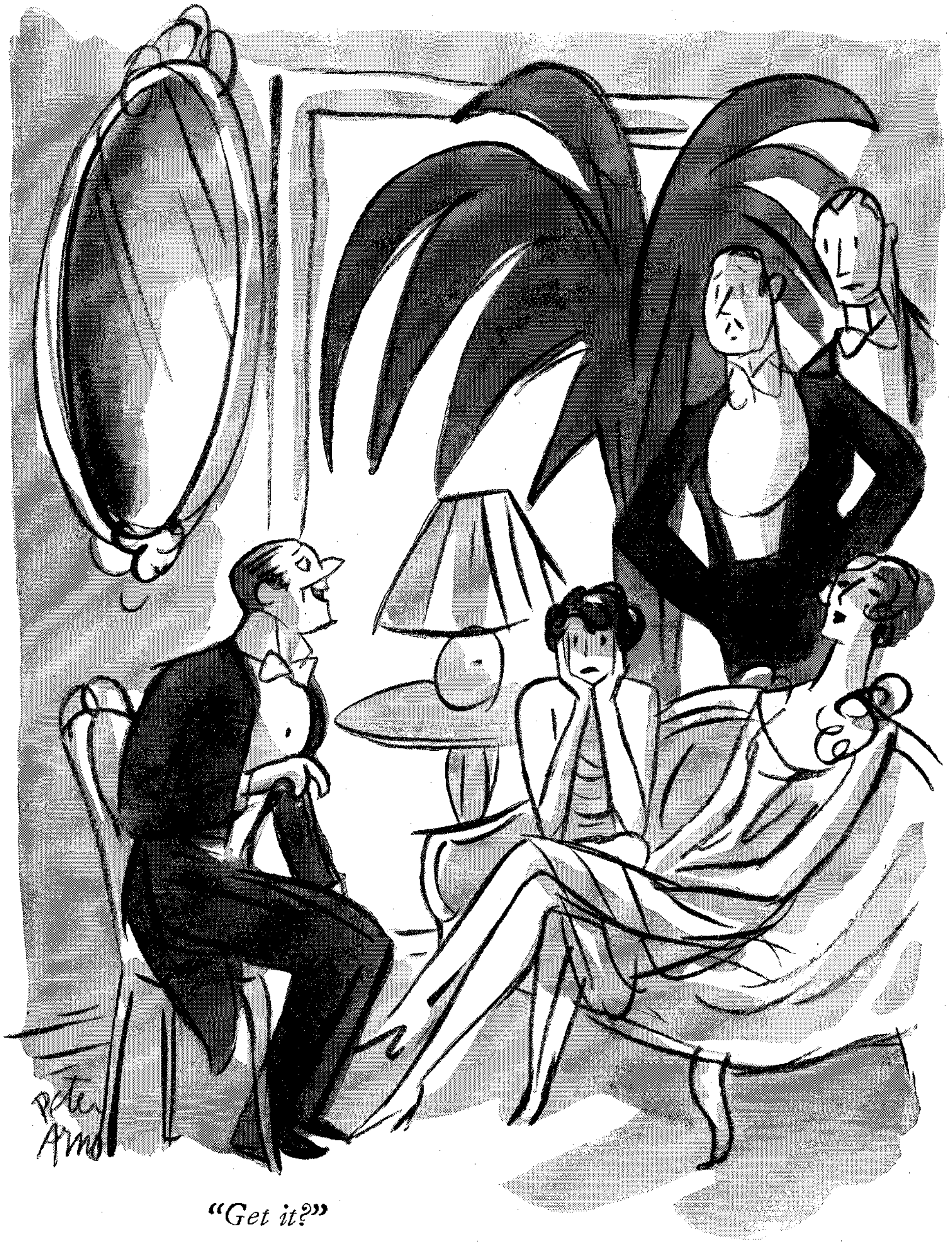
Ship to Shore

IF you are planning to go abroad on the Leviathan and do some telephoning, it is as well to remember that your conversation may not be private. An amateur radio experimenter reports that with a low-wave receiving set he is able to listen in on the Leviathan most any time. He has been doing so frequently for several weeks. He has found that there is a pretty constant flow of language back and forth over the air, none of it, to his mind, worth seven dollars a minute, however. A number of businessmen are always calling their offices from the ship. If they talk plainly, it's dull. If they use a code, it's dull too. "Buy five hundred filibuster, equal agony, four strain, sell design"—boresome. Wives calling their husbands are only mildly interesting. Half the conversations begin, "Guess who this is!" The next remark is frequently, "Probably you'll be angry because this costs so much." Sometimes the husbands swear a little.

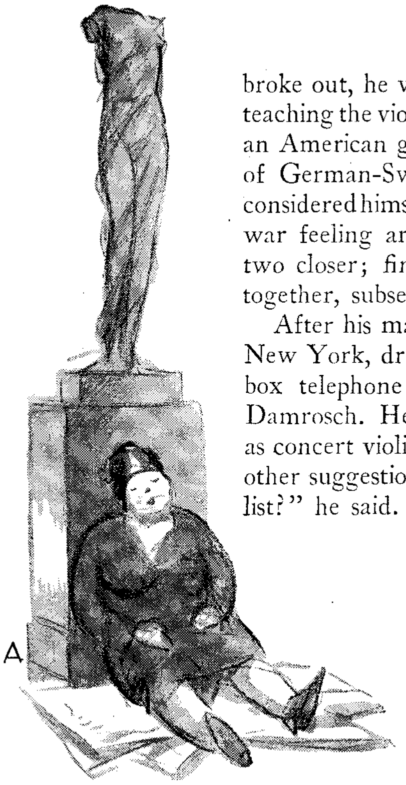
When paying customers aren't talking, the operators themselves converse with each other, frequently as a matter of experiment. They read difficult words in varying intonations to see how they go through the ether. So far the only exciting thing happened during the holidays. A day or two after Christmas our man was astonished to hear songs coming in, bells ringing, and voices proclaiming the glad new year. Listening to the end he found it was London rehearsing the program which was broadcast New Year's Day, Big Ben and all.

Repairing Grandfather

AN elderly lady, long a resident of this city but of Irish lineage, has always taken a modest pride in the fact that an equestrian statue of her grandfather adorns one of the public squares in Dublin. When some years ago it was badly damaged during rioting, she made a special trip to Ireland, and ar-



"Get it?"



ranged with the city authorities for the necessary repairs, footing the bill herself. A period of calm followed, but recently the Irish got enthusiastic again, and once more grandfather suffered. This time the city went ahead on the repairs without prompting—remembering, however, to send her a statement which was a little confusing to her, on the whole, until she had had time to think things over: "To one left leg, and new tail for horse, £104."

Messiah

THE close of what is for most musicians a strenuous enough winter season in New York will only mean for Albert Stoessel the beginning of a still livelier season out around the country. This time of year he conducts the New York Oratorio Society and the Bach Cantata Club; in summer he has the Chautauqua Institute and the annual festivals at Worcester and in Westchester on his hands. Last summer, at Chautauqua alone, he conducted a series of forty-one symphonies and eight operas.

This spring, he will be principally busy with the preparations for the Westchester Festival, which will be especially gala this year, lasting three days in May and celebrating the opening of the new Westchester Community Centre. Motorists may recall the building, a large concrete structure, just beyond White Plains on the Bronx River Parkway. Choral societies from twenty-two towns will appear at the Festival; meantime Stoessel will visit each one.

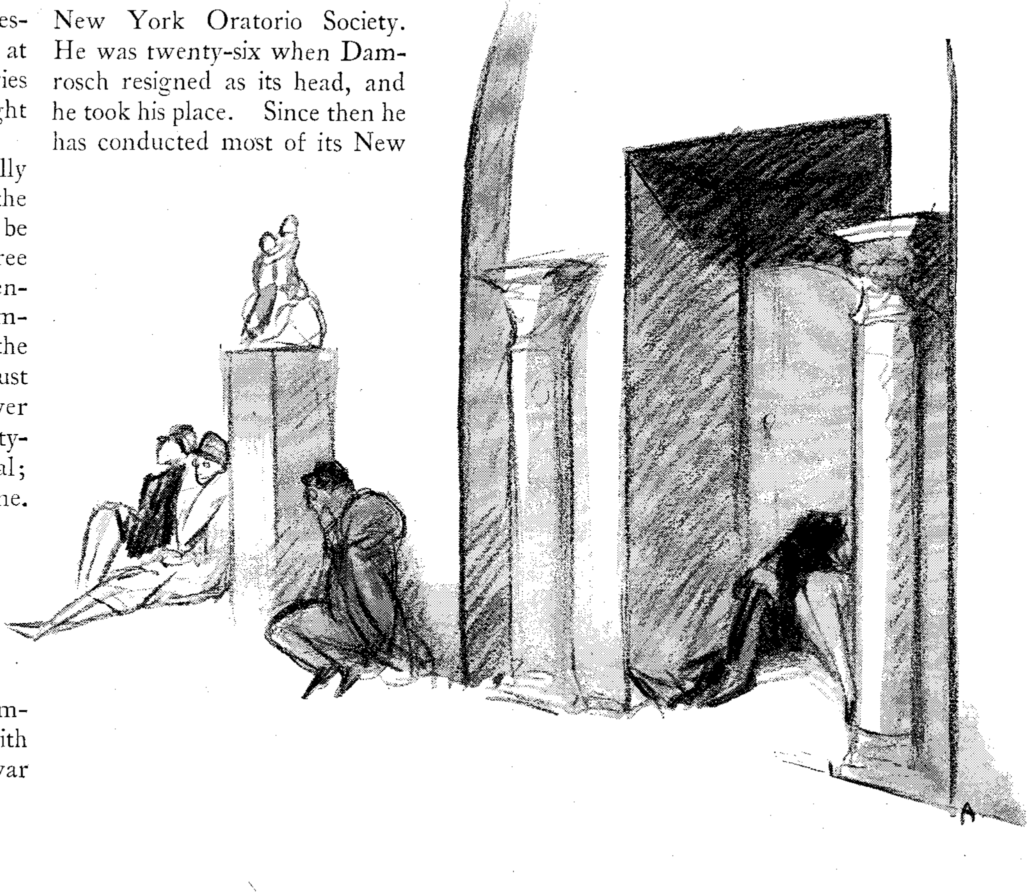
All this might make some conductors dizzy, but he is used to excitement. When he was barely sixteen he had his début in Berlin, as a violinist, and played three violin concerti in the one evening. Later, he accompanied Caruso on tour and played with the St. Louis Symphony. When the war broke out, he was back in Berlin again, teaching the violin. One of his pupils was an American girl, and Stoessel, though of German-Swiss descent, has always considered himself an American too. The war feeling around them brought the two closer; finally they fled Germany together, subsequently being married.

After his marriage, Stoessel came to New York, dropped a nickel in a coin-box telephone and called up Walter Damrosch. He wanted an engagement as concert violinist. Damrosch had another suggestion. "Why don't you enlist?" he said. The next time he saw Stoessel, it was in France, and the violinist was leader of the 301st Infantry Regiment Band, which he had organized. So impressed was Damrosch with this organization that he subsequently persuaded General Pershing to authorize a bandmasters' school at General Headquarters. Stoessel, after a competition in which fifty other musicians performed, was chosen director of the school. He says it was because a bombardment so loud that no other sound could be heard above it continued all through the tests until the very moment when his turn came to take up the baton.

He has been waving the baton pretty constantly ever since. After the war, Damrosch brought him back to be assistant conductor of the New York Oratorio Society. He was twenty-six when Damrosch resigned as its head, and he took his place. Since then he has conducted most of its New York recitals, including ten of the Society's traditional Christmas performances of the "Messiah," at Carnegie Hall. With all this, he is not yet thirty-five years old, and looks even younger. He is handsome and broad-shouldered. He gets a good deal of fan mail, and once, finding a lost locket on the sidewalk, was embarrassed when, opening it to find some trace of its owner, he discovered his own picture tenderly enshrined within. One of his idiosyncrasies is that on Sundays, no matter what the inducement, he sees nobody outside his family, which consists of his wife and two sons, Teddy and Fritzie.

Mute, Inglorious

MR. WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT, the author, who is in Hollywood writing for the talkies, abruptly came face to face with a dizzying opportunity for glory outside his chosen field. Mr. McNutt had adapted Conrad's "Victory." Incidentally, and not in connection with this story, the first title for this was "Flesh of Eve," but this has been changed to the more discreet "A Hidden Paradise." The story called for a parrot that should, at the right moment, laugh bitterly, sardonically. When it came to taking this scene the appalling discovery was made that in all Hollywood there was no parrot that would laugh bitterly, sardonically. The entire resources of



the industry were put behind the search for one but, although parrots were brought in that would swear, sing, yodel, and recite the Lord's Prayer, not one was found that would laugh right. Everybody was dejected, especially the director, who told McNutt about his predicament while at lunch in a restaurant. "Why, that's nothing to lose sleep over," said McNutt. "Get a double for the talkie part. Anyone can laugh like a parrot. *I* can." "Let's hear you," said the director eagerly. The author took a deep breath and made noises. "Eureka!" said the director, or something like that. McNutt was hustled to the studio and that very afternoon the scene was shot, and successfully, McNutt delivering his laugh confidently when the time came. When the film was run off for officials of the company, they were profoundly affected by the eerie sound. McNutt was naturally elated about his success in the talkies as a sardonic laugher. It happened, however, that something was wrong somewhere else in the film and it had to be retaken. The author was told of this and advised to hold himself in readiness. For days he waited for the call, gargling occasionally, carefully keeping his throat in condition. But the call came not. At the dismal end of three weeks McNutt sought out the director. "What about the retake on the parrot scene?" he asked, affecting nonchalance. "Ah, yes," replied the director, "yes—well, you see, Bill, we *have* retaken them. We found a property man who could laugh like a parrot a lot better than you can. He simply had it on you—that's all." McNutt affected to laugh the matter off, but his friends say that he sat around his room in a bathrobe for days, moping. Wounds like that leave a scar.

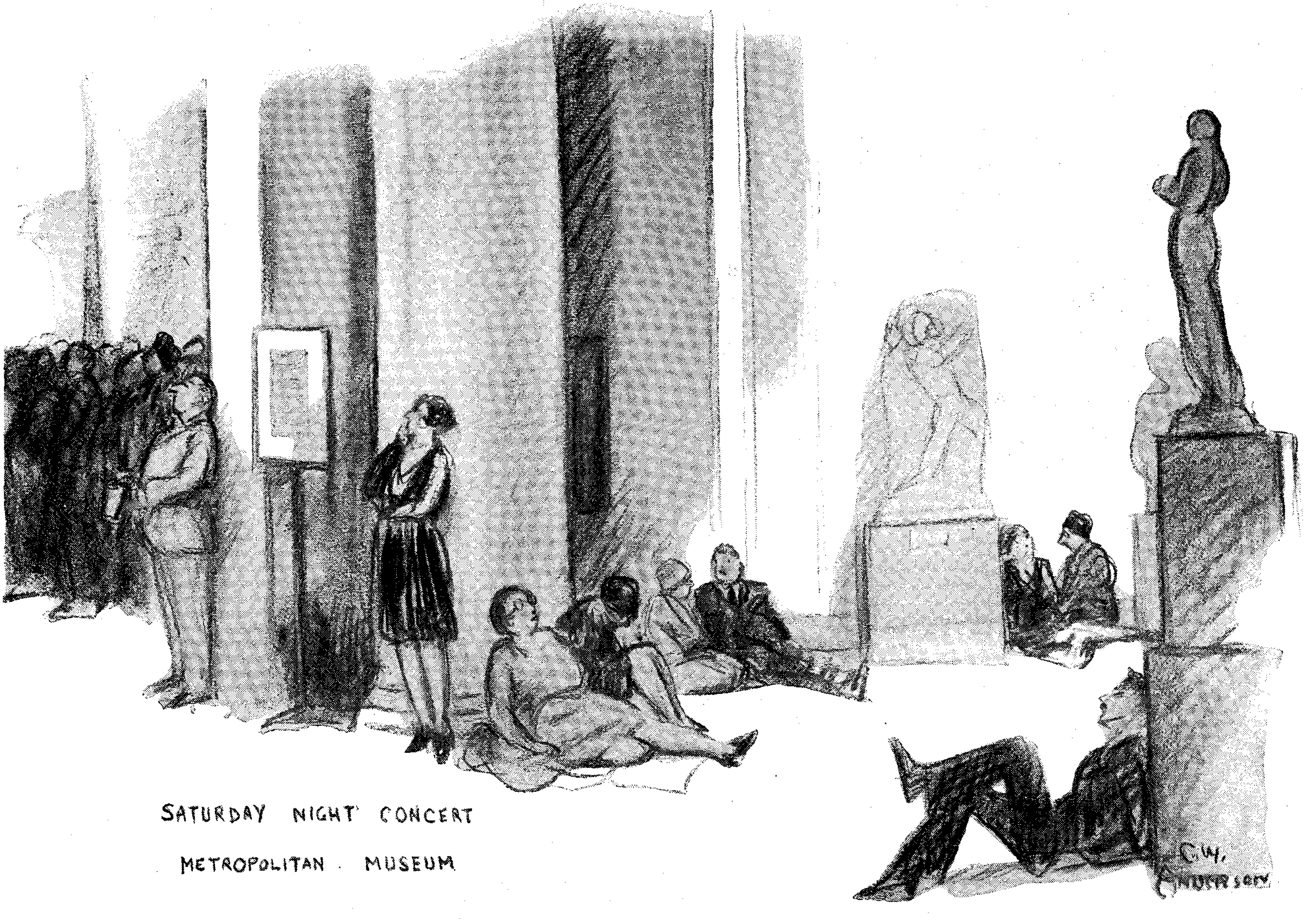
Forearmed

AN explorer out dining told our cousin of a happening in the frozen North. He was just about to jump off from the last reaches of civilization. The temperature was away below zero and he stood shivering in his sealskin suit, hood, and mittens when the last mail he would receive for months was delivered to him. It was a package which, when unwrapped, proved to contain a home-knitted muffler and a written admonition from his mother. "Now, don't take cold, son."

Sesame

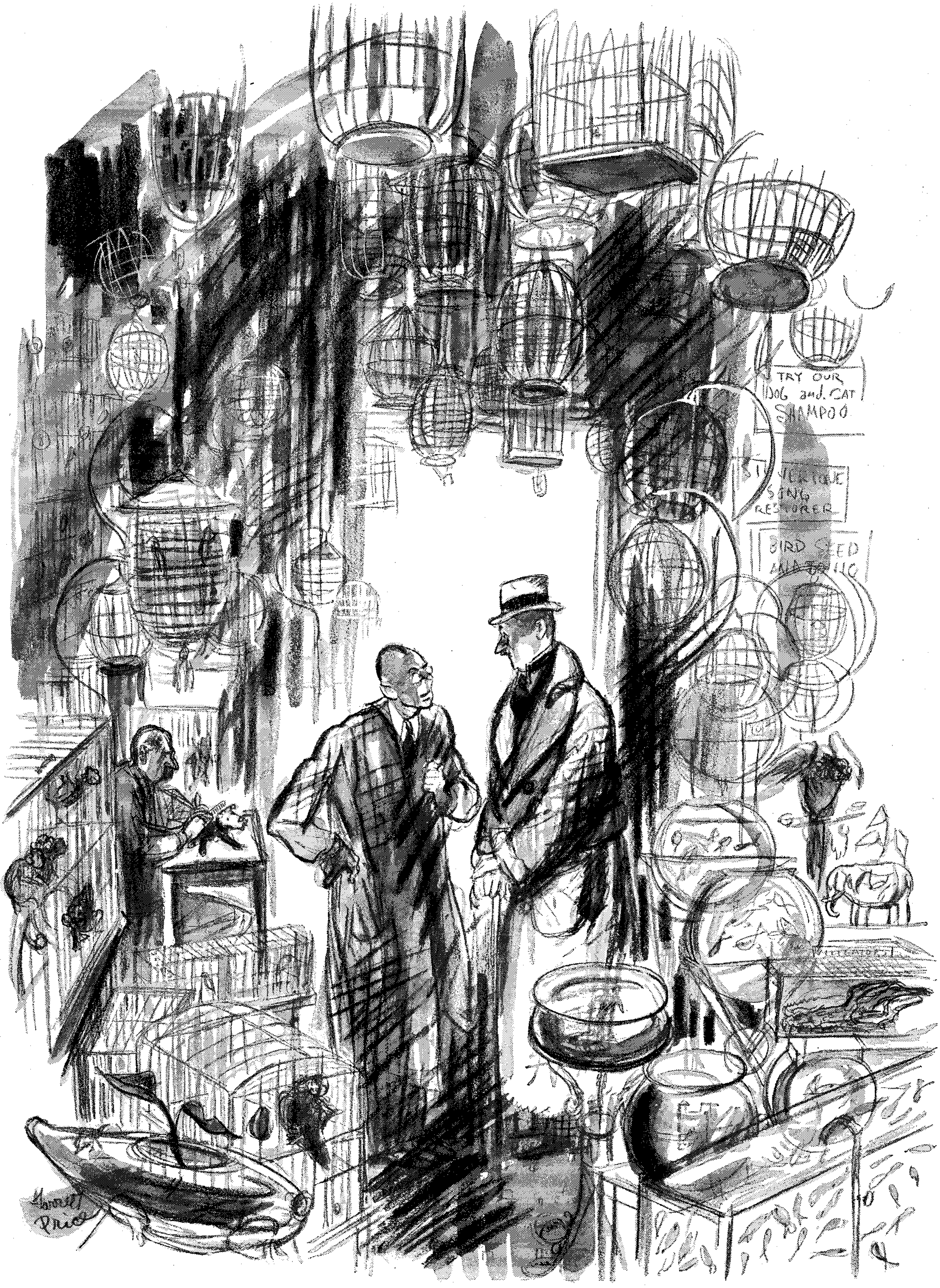
SPEAKEASY proprietors are frequently ingenious devils. Two of them in the Amsterdam Avenue region have solved the problem of admitting the right persons, and keeping others out, without resorting to the bothersome system of cards of identity or a long scrutiny at the gate. The entrance to one has two doors side by side. The door on the right has the usual knob, keyhole, and latch. The door on the left is blank and sullen. Strangers naturally knock at the door on the right. No amount of racket ever arouses the proprietor. If they try the handle, they find the door locked. Presently they move on. The knowing merely push the blank left door.

The other place has one front door on which a large sign is tacked reading: "Closed for Repairs—Use Side Door." The man who heeds the notice finds the side door locked. He gets no response to his hammering. People who have been there before, however, simply open the closed-for-repairs door, and walk in. —THE NEW YORKERS



SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM


TRY OUR DOG and CAT SHAMPOO
SONG RESTORER
BIRD SEED
Garrett Price

"Yes, sir, you can be sure that when you use two packages of birdseed in a week there must be something wrong."

NO SINGE FOR MR. TISSOCK

(Scene, a barber shop. Enter a customer, Mr. Tissock.)

Mr. T.—I should like to consult a barber, please.

Mr. Pease *(the manager)*—Right this way, sir. Valentine, kindly take care of this gentleman, kindly.

Valentine *(the barber)*—Strip to the waist, please. That's enough. Now, tell me what is the matter.

Mr. T.—I think I need a shave.

V.—That will be for me to judge. You just start from the beginning and tell me everything about yourself.

Mr. T.—Well—ah—I had an aunt once who had a mustache. This has always worried me.

V.—Have *you* ever had a mustache?

Mr. T.—No, but sometimes, at night, I get to thinking about this aunt—

V.—Absolutely no cause for worry. Mustaches do not descend through the distaff side. We know that. What children's diseases have you had?

Mr. T.—Palsy.

V.—Any others?

Mr. T.—I had Vallée's complaint, or vagabond liver, when I was ten.

V.—What makes you think you need a shave?

Mr. T.—Because this morning, as I was leaving the house, my son, Rudyard Kipling, said to me, "For pity sake, get a shave. You look like an O-Cedar mop."

V.—That's just Oedipus complex. You don't need a shave.

Mr. T.—But I do.

V.—No, you don't. You only think you do.

Mr. T.—Damn it, don't I know when I need a shave?

V.—No. Eighty-five per cent of the shaves people need are imaginary. It's a flight from life.

Mr. T.—I want a shave, flight or no flight.

V.—I wouldn't dream of giving you one.

Mr. T.—What kind of barber shop is this, that I can't get a simple shave when I want it?

V.—It's the kind where we have the real interests of the customers at heart. You've probably been patronizing some quack shop where they humor the foibles of the customer who wants a lot of things he doesn't really need.

Mr. T.—I need a shave, and by gad, no barber is going to tell Walter Tissock what he's not going to have. I not only want a shave but now I want a haircut, massage, shampoo, and singe.

V.—Sorry, sir. I would be untrue to the highest principles of my profession were I to give you any of them.

Mr. T.—Call the manager.

V.—Certainly. Mr. Pease!

Mr. P.—What is the trouble, Mr. Tissock?

Mr. T.—I came in here to get a shave—

V.—He wants a shave. His case history doesn't warrant giving him one. I refused and now he's in a pet over it.

Mr. T.—I want a shave. I need one. I know when I need a shave.

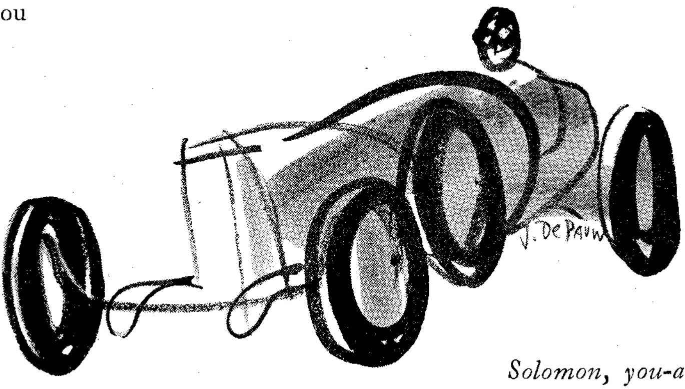
Mr. P.—Now sir, please be calm. After all, we're the best judge of whether you need a shave. That's our line. Valentine, here, is my very best barber. I have full faith in him. I wouldn't think of reversing his decision in the matter.

Mr. T.—Couldn't I even get a singe?

Mr. P.—Oh now, you don't want a singe. A big fellow like you wanting a singe. Fie! Only sissies get singes.

Mr. T.—I could be a big man and a sissy too, couldn't I? Some of our biggest men have been sissies.

Mr. P.—Oh, I doubt that.



Mr. T.—No, really. You read a little history and see. Alexander the Great. Napoleon, too.

Mr. P.—Oh, come now. Take somebody your size.

V.—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Mr. T.—What did that wop say?

Mr. P.—He said, "Only the dead get bonuses."

V.—I am not a wop. I am a frog.

Mr. P.—I am a mick.

Mr. T.—I am a canuck, but I take my laundry to a chink.

V.—I do my own laundry. The laundries ruin everything.

Mr. T.—Well, I want a singe. I'm willing to pay for it, too. I'll make it worth your while financially. Look, a two-dollar bill!

Pease *(whispers to Valentine)*—*Nouveau riche*, apparently.

Valentine—Obviously a *parvenu.* Put your money away, Mr. Tissock. There are other things in life.

Tissock—Nothing money can't buy, honey.

Pease—I doubt that very much. How about love?

Tissock—Love. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Valentine *(to Pease)*—Poor fellow.

Pease—Think what he is missing in life. Mr. Tissock, you may scoff but I am right. I don't necessarily mean sexual love, which I admit is ephemeral at best and greatly overrated. I mean the greater, all-embracing love; the love of a mother for her babe, the love of a disciple for his ideal, the love of comrade for comrade—the great emotion that makes us just a little higher than the beasts of the jungle.

Tissock *(moved)*—By Jove, I never thought of it before in just that way. You carry me back—to my—boyhood days.

(Here there is a tableau. Out of the smoke of Tissock's pipe arises a vision of the sun setting on a log cabin in old Ioway. Down in the ole swimmin' hole a bunch of lads are havin' fun. Towser, the dog, yelps with joy as he cavorts with them. At the door of the cabin a lean, careworn farmer's wife [James Whitcomb Riley] appears, shades her eyes, and calls, "Manny Solomon, you-all gitten yo'seff on in here and gitten yo' suppah." The boys give the old lady the raspberry.

As the tableau fades, Mr. Tissock is found crying softly.)

Valentine—Poor fellow.

Pease—He's all right. Looks hard-boiled, but isn't. People today think they must seem hard and sophisticated. Let him cry, it'll do him good.

Valentine—I never could see why

a man need be ashamed of honest tears.

PEASE—It's our cursed Anglo-Saxon reticence.

TISSOCK—Gentlemen, I'm sorry I made a fool of myself. Forget the singe. I don't want one.

PEASE—Oh, that's all right, Mr. Tissock.

TISSOCK—No, it isn't all right. It's all wrong. I'm all wrong. I never could bear to have anyone cross me. Like all other Titans of Big Business, I think I must have my way even when it's against my own interests. I don't need a singe, or a shave, any more than I needed the Northern Pacific Railway system in 1904, when I took it away from Harriman, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Hill, Gould, and Morgan. They had it and simply because they had it, I thought I wanted it. But this tableau has made a new man of me.

PEASE—Well, anyhow, it's all right about the singe.

TISSOCK—I apologized to Harriman and the rest of the boys later and gave back the Northern Pacific, throwing in the Southern Pacific, the Eastern Pacific, and the Western Pacific for good measure. I tried to make it up to them. I am not a bad fellow at heart.

VALENTINE—Mind you, sir, I didn't say a singe would hurt you. I just said you didn't need one.

PEASE—If you want a singe, Mr. Tissock, you can have one.

TISSOCK—Fellows, this is damned white of you. Let me have your hand, Valentine.

(*They shake.*)

TISSOCK—Barbers have such soft hands. They remind me of my first wife.

PEASE—One's first wife always has soft hands. It's the illusion of love.

(*Pease, Tissock, and Valentine then sing the theme song: "It's the Illusion of Love." Pease sits on the piano, Tissock sits on Pease, and Valentine sits on Tissock. This is necessarily the end of the play.*)—FRANK SULLIVAN

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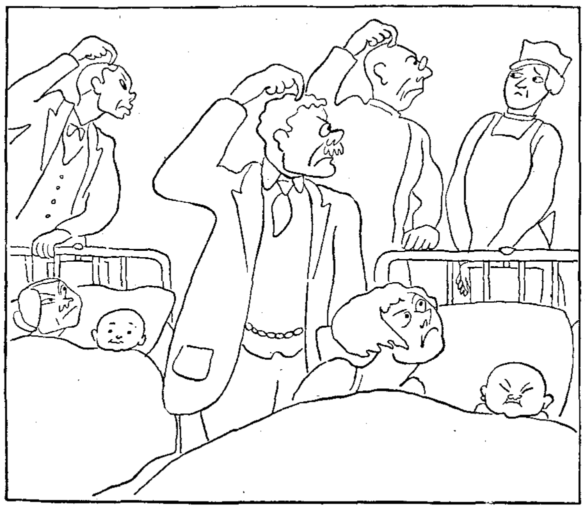
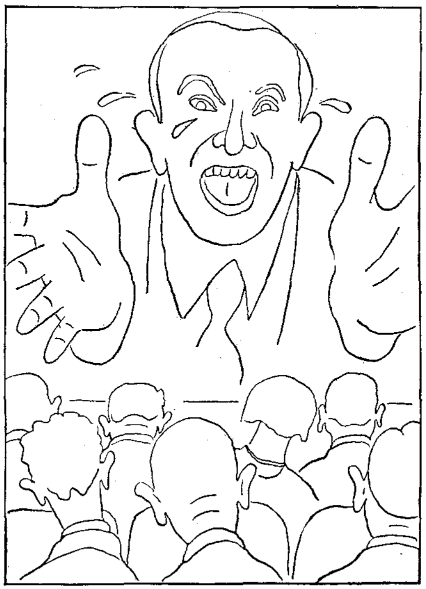
INTERNATIONAL HARMONY NEWS

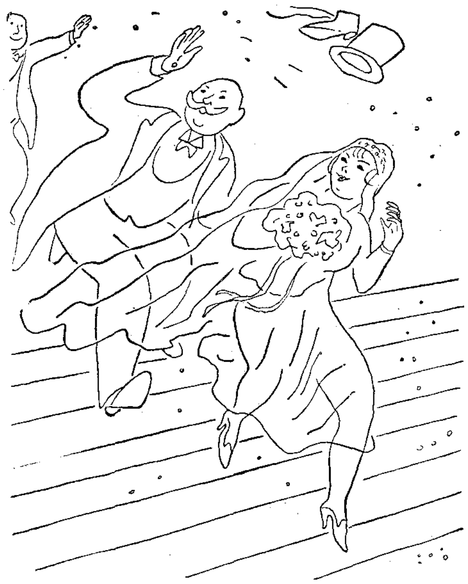
Beating Swords Into Ploughshares Keeps Many People Busy Now



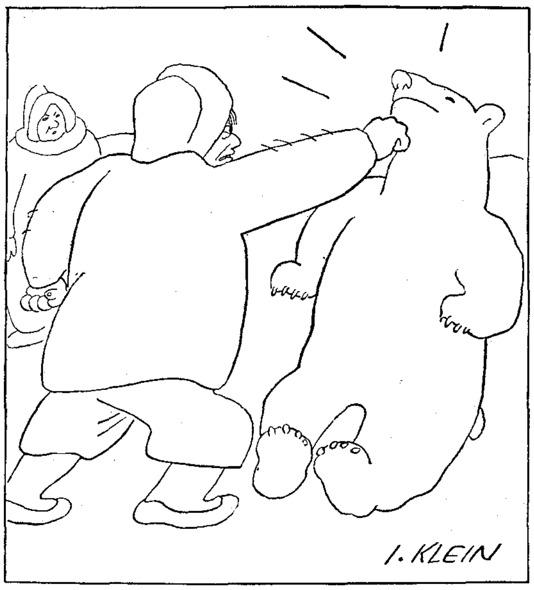
CHINESE BABY BORN TO RUSSIAN FAMILY AND VICE VERSA. A curious freak of nature which may lead to International Harmony. Above, in Harmony Hospital, the beds of Mrs. Shrutofsky, mother of the Chinese baby, and Mrs. Wah Ting, mother of the white child. Picture shows husbands and doctor, puzzled.



WHAT IS MORE INTERNATIONAL THAN A MOTHER? The word "Mammy" ties the world together. Al Jolson tying together the hearts of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and the heart of Mr. Moe Goldman, who owns the above Bowery moving-picture theatre.



OLD NATIONAL HATES BURIED. When Dolly Bubble sold Liberty Bonds in 1918, little did she expect to marry Count Hugo von Pfeffer, who was then fiercely resisting the forces of embattled democracy. The Countess is all happy expectations. "I hope the castle on the Rhine is as good as its photograph," said the former Miss Bubble.



WORLD HARMONY WITH A BANG. Wee-ree-boo, the "Ox of the Arctic," (above left) is one tough icicle. He demands a bout with Jack Sharkey, American heavyweight. Wee-ree-boo, who has chosen the fighting name of Battling Bernberg, says: "Healthy sport encourages international good-will." Wee has often met Rear Admiral Byrd.

WITH COLLAR

I OPENED the drawer where the pajamas should have been, but there was nothing in it except a dirty shirt, rumpled in a ball, and three distantly related socks.

"No pajamas," I said.

Adelaide was lying on her bed, eating popcorn and reading a magazine called the *New Republic*. She kept on reading it.

Struck by a sudden suspicion, I went to the closet and opened the door. The laundry bag hung behind it; it was full; in addition there was a little wad of dirty clothes stuck off in a corner, behind my shoes.

"My God," I said. "Haven't you sent anything out to be washed since we got here?"

Adelaide marked her place with a hairpin.

"No, dear," she said, "I thought they'd take care of it."

A month of marriage had taught me that the minutiae of Adelaide's existence are supervised by a darkling race, never seen, scarcely to be identified as human, which she designates as "They." "They" put the newspaper outside her door in the morning, confect and deliver the things she orders on the telephone, furnish (on request) deputy gnomes to make the beds and fix the plumbing. "They," in short, are responsible for all the details of standardized service. In this case, however, she consented to particularize.

"The hotel people," she said. "I thought they always came and got it."

"Apparently they don't."

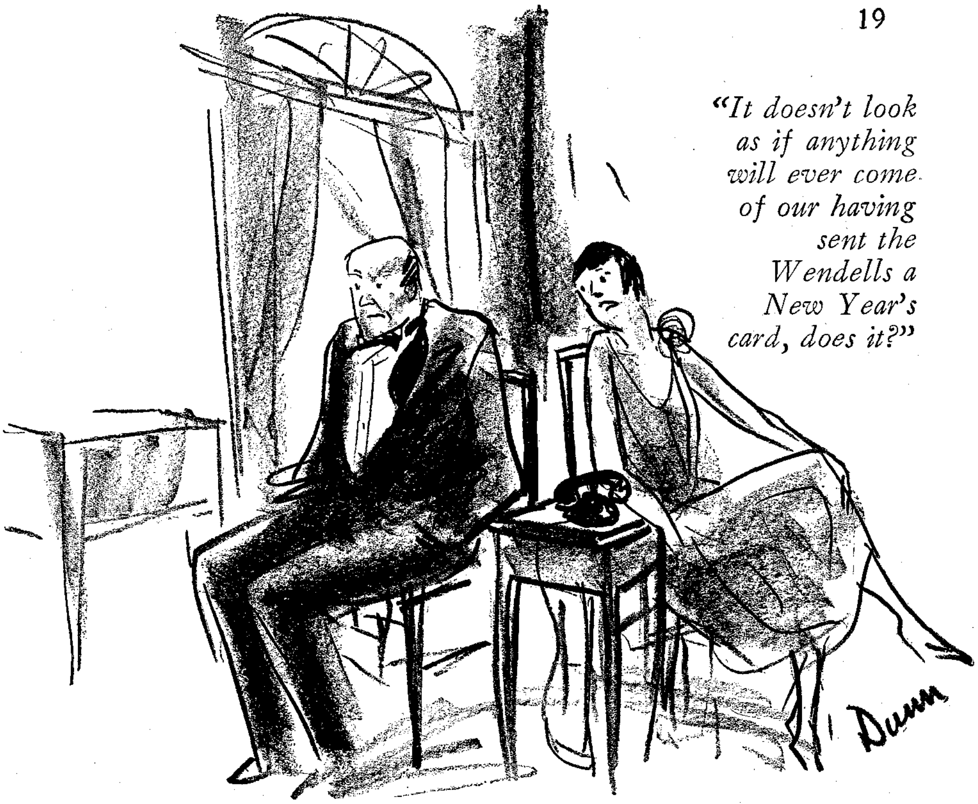
"Isn't it a shame?" said Adelaide, and reopened her magazine.

I WENT on with my investigation of the bureau. Altogether, it developed, I had two collars (one with wings), a suit of underclothes, the socks already mentioned, and a white shirt, exhibiting unaccountably a footprint on its bosom. That was all.

"Well," I said finally, "there isn't a thing here I can wear. I'll have to buy some stuff tomorrow, but in the meantime let's get all that laundry in the closet out and send it off."

"Won't they come and get it if you just sort of stuff it in a bag and ring for somebody?"

Among other things in the bureau drawer I'd found a slip from the hotel laundry. "Not responsible unless itemized list is sent with goods," it said at the top.


"It doesn't look as if anything will ever come of our having sent the Wendells a New Year's card, does it?"

"We ought to count it. After all it's about all the clothes I have."

Adelaide closed the magazine with the patient martyrdom of an Israelite on the treadmill.

"All right," she said. "What do you want me to do?"

I gave her the slip and a pencil.

"I'll sort it. You put down what I tell you."

I got the bag and the other clothes and dumped them all together on the floor. It was a little hard to see exactly where to begin, but at last I had everything regularly divided in little piles.

"Eight soft shirts," I said.

Adelaide in the meantime had gone back to the magazine.

"What?"

"Eight soft shirts."

"Eight smelly old shirts," said Adelaide and referred to the list. "Hi, what's all this—'Shirts, negligee, ditto with collar, pleated, full dress, silk or flannel'? What do you call those old shirts you have there?"

"Negligee with collar," I said and she put it down.

"Six handkerchiefs."

"With collar?"

"Never mind. Six handkerchiefs—five plain, one silk."

"Courtesy of Aunt Elsie," said Adelaide.

I struggled for some time with the pajamas and socks. There were four pairs of pajamas and an odd pale-blue top; eight pairs of socks, and a surplus of one blue and one black with a white clock. At last we decided to report the sets and put the others back in the closet.

"It's like Times Square or wherever it is that everybody passes at least once in their life," said Adelaide. "If we leave them there long enough the mates are bound to turn up. They're pretty bent-up-looking old socks anyway."

I threw the pajama top and the socks back in the closet and picked up the last pile.

"Six suits of B.V.D.'s."

Adelaide studied the list for a long time.

"Not here," she said finally.

"Nonsense."

"Nope. I guess they just don't wash them. Better throw 'em away. Buy 'em, throw 'em away, and forget about 'em."

"Look for 'underwear,' " I said.

"Oh. Mmmmm—'undershirts, ditto silk and wool, underdrawers, ditto silk and wool, combinations, ditto silk and wool, flannel bands'—you'd look gorgeous in a flannel band, darling."

"Combinations," I said. "Plain. Six."

"Well," I said, "I guess that's about all."

I started to put the things back in the laundry bag when a thought struck me.

"How about your stuff though?" I said. "I suppose you've got a couple of bags in your closet. Get it out and we'll fix it at the same time."

Adelaide opened the magazine.

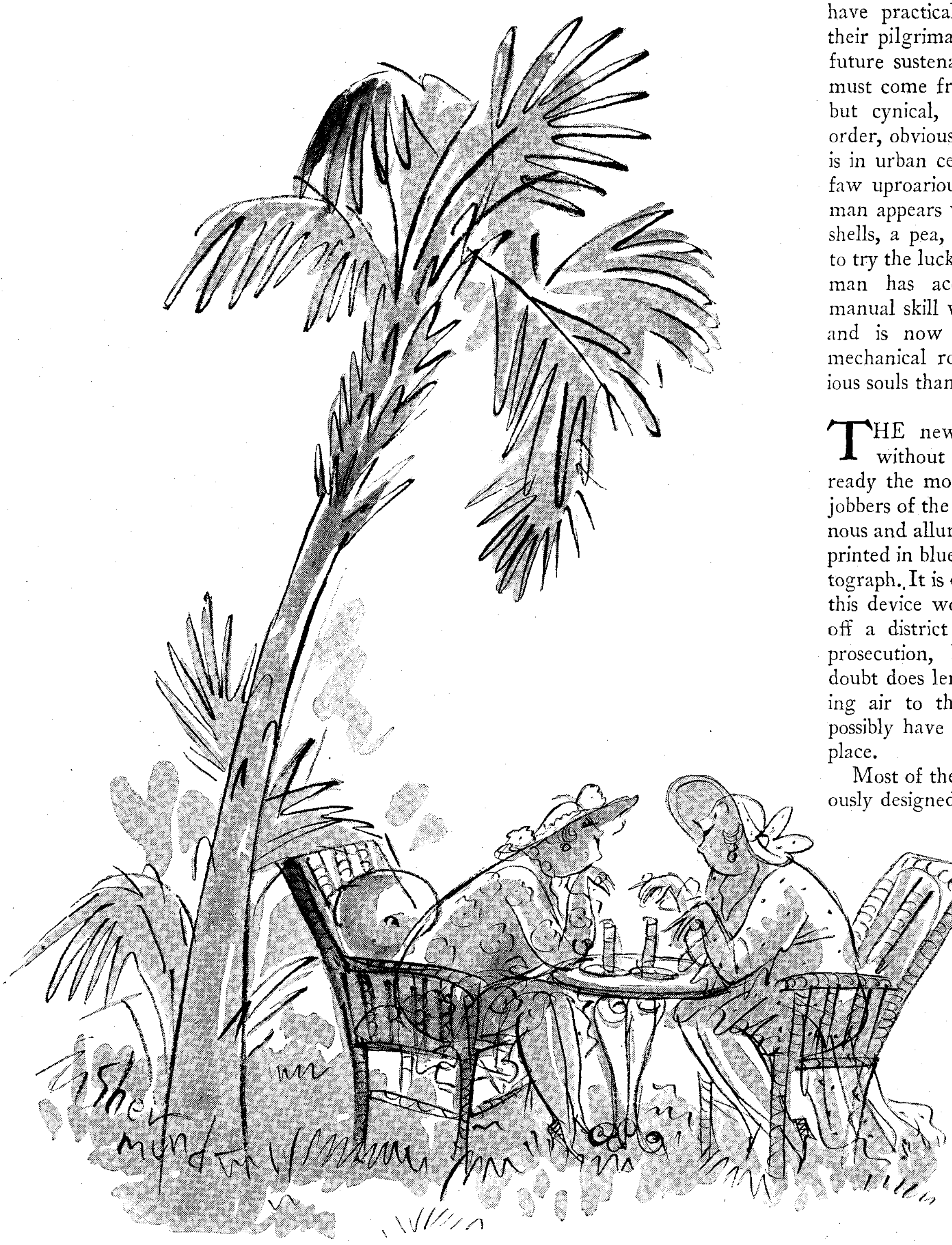
"Oh, they come and get that every Monday," she said. "I telephoned."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

MISSISSIPPI PETE VS. THE GAMBLING ROBOTS

IN the professional gambling world, they used to tell with mingled awe and delight, which were obviously not dampened at all by the ethical principles involved, of a card-sharper of decades ago who, firmly blindfolded, could name by touch each of the fifty-two playing cards of a previously unsuspected deck. Of late, however, a singular mustiness has come over this gentleman's fame, and indeed over the whole legend of digital manipulation in gambling. It seems likely that this old machine age, notoriously a non-respecter of persons, has come and had its way with the most colorful and least harmful guild of our semi-underworld.

Games of skill—the skill, of course, being that of the operator—are practically unknown today save in the most forsaken regions of the wheat belt. The past season, it would seem, marked the end of even those die-hards who, equipped with three shells and a small rubber pea, for the past many years have been harvesting scanty gleanings in the course of their annual pastoral tours of outland hamlets. Most of these colorful artisans have returned sorrowfully and distressingly insolvent to their winter hibernation in the environs of Broadway, as is their custom. They have practically no desire to resume their pilgrimage in the spring. Their future sustenance, they admit glumly, must come from the more prosperous, but cynical, city dwellers. The old order, obviously, would not do. There is in urban centres a tendency to guffaw uproariously when a wistful little man appears with a tripod stand, three shells, a pea, and a friendly invitation to try the luck today. The wistful little man has accordingly discarded the manual skill which was once his pride, and is now a mere tender of the mechanical robots which more ingenious souls than he have devised.



"I have my technique. Now I must learn to abandon myself."

THE new régime is not entirely without its compensations. Already the more up-and-coming supply jobbers of the trade have issued voluminous and alluring catalogues, invariably printed in blue ink, which does not photograph. It is doubtful if the cunning of this device would be sufficient to fend off a district attorney really bent on prosecution, but the feature beyond doubt does lend an intimate and exciting air to the literature, which may possibly have been the idea in the first place.

Most of the devices offered are obviously designed for the citified clientele, as was inevitable in the circumstances. Nearly all are of the genus referred to by the professional grifter of other and prouder days as "mechanicals."

In this category come roulette and other wheels of chance. One supply house alone boasts no less than seven types of roulette wheel, each varying in the principle of its operation, but all of a species in that they may be operated "three ways: percentage, give-away (for purposes of advertising), and fair." In luxury the wheels vary from the Monte Carlo, which in its American reincarnation has become equipped with no less efficient a gadget than an electric magnet to relieve the uncertainty of the steel-cored ball, to the modest Pocket Roulette Wheel, which sells for a mere two-fifty, and is spoken of merely as possessing a special attachment which "makes it possible for the operator to control the ball, making it come high or low numbers at will . . . will furnish amusement and in the hands of a live wire will prove a good investment."

For the benefit of those expatriate camp-followers who desire to set up a permanent indoor establishment, and find the elaborate Monte Carlo electric wheel a too-considerable investment, there are less pretentious models based on purely mechanical principles. These for the most part are known as spindles, which in turn may be divided into two general classes, the vertical and the horizontal. The most common vertical spindle looks like a bicycle wheel, and is fitted on its outer circumference with a stiff paper or celluloid indicator, which rasps against the variously numbered and colored pegs set in the backboard. The common characteristic of both vertical and horizontal spindles is that the winning number in both cases is indicated by the flexible pointer, rather than by the coming to rest of a roulette ball. The horizontal varieties are even more simple in construction than those of the bicycle type. They are designed to be installed upon a table or counter, and more often than not are merely metallic arrows, tipped with celluloid, revolving upon an axle. In the less expensive models the axle is extended through the table top, making it a simple matter to apply an efficient brake beneath. Others, less suspicious in appearance but quite as effective in action, have no extended axles, and are, in fact, raised ostentatiously from the table by three supporting legs. Two of them are rigid, and actually do the supporting. The third is independent, and with it the grifter controls the free motion of the axle, either by pressing the leg itself against the axle, or, in less favored models, by pulling a wire which loops about the axle, runs down through the hollow supporting leg, and is eventually attached below the counter to a pedal operated by the foot of the operator.

The disadvantage of the wire-controlled spindle is that its supporting tripod cannot be lifted to assure suspicious clients of its honesty. The creeping-leg types may be lifted with no disastrous disclosures, unless an abnormally skeptical eye should wonder at the three holes in the table boards, into which the legs are set. These include the Camel Back Spindle, of which each leg (of the base) "is made with a 1½-inch lug which extends through the table, making it very easy to operate." A slight pressure on a loose board of the table, it would seem, is sufficient to transform a tripod leg into a highly efficient brake. In still other models, depending on the spindle rather than the loose roulette-ball principle, any possibility of error is removed by controlling the pegs against which the tip of the spindle brushes, rather than the axle of the spindle itself. The most popular in this group is known to the trade as the Chicago Set Spindle. The pegs, against which the celluloid indicator rasps, are in this case made of twisted metal strips, which by a mere quarter turn can be transformed from open passages to practically impenetrable barriers.

Less aristocratic, but possessing the obvious advantage of easy transportability, are the interesting contrivances known as drop cases. These devices, in the unopened state, bear a strong and perhaps intentional resemblance to a portable typewriter, with handle attached. When unfolded, the vertical section becomes a glass-enclosed runway. A metal ball is inserted through a hole at the top, jiggles uncertainly over numerous brass pegs, and eventually comes to rest in one or another of the twenty-one numbered slots at the bottom. The other side of the case is blocked out in numbered squares, in the manner of a roulette layout, and it is here that the hopeful lay their wagers. For a reason which can be attributed to nothing but the innate drollery of the grifting fraternity, the most popular two-way-may-also-be-set-fair drop case offered by several manufacturers is christened, and conspicuously labelled, Honest John.

DICE, though they are included in the confidential literature, and are at the moment in high favor with bootleggers, racketeers, and such immensely prosperous fellows, will probably be given scant attention by your canny grifter gone urban. There are, it is true, dice which may be controlled by hand, by gravity, by magnetic forces brought to play beneath the counter, and even by the incomparably cautious method of embossing their several sides with spots which by no possible system of mathematics could be added to a winning total.

In spite of these apparently lucrative possibilities your true gamester is prone to regard dice with an indifference which one might well construe as an actual distaste. The explanation would seem to be that there is no way of telling, except by the resulting change of fortune, at just what moment an unprincipled patron may choose to substitute an outwardly similar but contrarily loaded pair of dice in place of those thoughtfully provided by the host. Rather than encourage chicanery of this sort, the genuine master of gaming leaves dice severely alone.

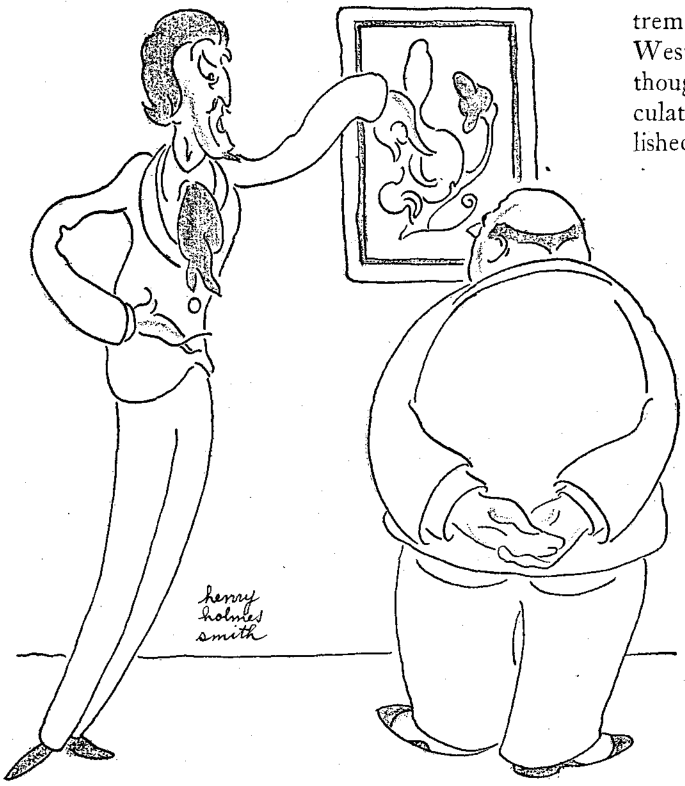
Poker players, however, are welcomed, as, for that matter, are those brash but misguided bridge experts who believe that a profound study of Mr. Work is equivalent to a liberal income. The mechanical age has, perhaps, come to its climax in producing apparatuses which approximate in results the manual skill of the old-time gambler. There are two general types: holdouts, and coolers.

The technical distinction is that a holdout is a device for removing, or adding, one to five cards, whereas the cooler takes the entire deck at one calm and magnificent swoop. Both holdouts and coolers employ the Jacob's Ladder principle, similar to that of an old-fashioned extension telephone. A complicated series of levers allows one to open one's legs, casually expand the chest, or lift a knee or arm, depending on the type of cooler employed, the net result of the motion in all cases being the reception of a splendid new deck in a momentarily concealed hand. Some of these contraptions are so delicately adjusted as to cause a monitory "we recommend that, in ordering, a pair of loose-fitting trousers be sent to us so that we can have the machine fitted to them by our experienced tailors." They range in price from fifty-five to a hundred and twenty-five dollars. In spite of this considerable investment, and the limitation of a cooler to one performance per evening, there is a brisk demand for them.

THERE are few games of chance which have not attracted the attention of those enterprising firms whose great mission would seem to be to repeal the law of averages in general. There are six-sided pencils, alternately red and black in color. Nothing could be more casual than betting upon which side will come uppermost when a pencil is rolled across a table; and nothing, you are assured, is more certain than that your personal pencil will stop on the side desired. Similar to the trained pencils, which are designed for miscellaneous work and are considered a bit low-grade by your real grifter, are the ebony rolling logs, of the sort noted in the less formal cafés of other times. These, too, are somewhat inexactly hexagonal in shape, and are embossed with ivory dots. Their value, of course, is based on their propensity for appearing with only the lower numbers on top, except when rolled by the owner, who knows how.

There are practically no contingencies in the gentleman gambler's economic life which are not taken care of by his manufacturing craftsmen. The meditative expression which is commonly associated with Chinese laundrymen, for instance, may well be accounted for by Item No. 20A02, of one blue-typed booklet. Item No. 20A02 is described briefly as "Chinese Dice Box: Both dice and box are absolutely fair, yet it is possible with the instructions we include with each box to shake the dice and name the faces that are up without removing the cover from the box." By this ingenious method a year's washing, if your laundryman be sufficiently unversed in wicked ways, may be had for an initial and final investment of five dollars. The principle of the Chinese Dice Box is simplicity itself. The box is sufficiently large in circumference to accommodate three small dice of the regulation variety, or five, if desired, of the smaller Chinese dice. So shallow is the box, however, that, with the lid pressed down, the most vigorous vertical shaking does not cause the dice to turn over. The dice, of course, are placed with the proper side uppermost before the box is closed.

Most ingratiating of all these aids to luck, however, seems to be an item listed succinctly by one firm as "check cop." A check, it would appear, is professional for poker chip. The check cop is a clear, viscous liquid, selling at only two dollars the generous bottle. A small bit is rubbed on the palm of your hand. When your opponent chances to win a particularly lucrative pot, you congratulate him fulsomely, and even perform the most sportsmanlike service of pushing his chips across the table to him. Such yellow chips as adhere to the palm of your hand, it would seem, are yours.



"It's obscene, I tell you!"
"Well, Stisky, I wish I could see it your way."

NOT all the subscribers to such novel devices are gentle grifters driven to unworkmanlike extremes by economic chaos in the West. In fact, it is the proud, though unofficial and perhaps calculated, boast of one old-established house that much of its new-customer correspondence comes from private and impeccable strata of our citizenry. There are, they would have it, more than a few somewhat sheepish inquiries from social organizations, lodges, chowder clubs, and even faintly ecclesiastical organizations, wondering if something might be secured to assure the house committee or the congregation a modest percentage at the annual winter bazaar. This, of course, may be just talk.

—DONALD THOMPSON

A PREFACE TO MORALS

Medora Daggett Brindley
And Peter Goodrich Bane,
Though she was plain and spindly,
While he was stout and plain,
Saw something in each other
That others couldn't see—
Except the Ancient Mother
Of Domesticity.

They longed to be together,
So, briefly, they were wed.
"Yet marriage is a tether,"
Medora Brindley said,
"I've studied anthropology,
I understand these things,
Sociology, psychology,
And cabbages, and kings."

"I, also, am no mussel,"
Quoth Peter Bane, "I, too,
Have read my Bertrand Russell!
I quite agree with you.
And so, although we're wedded
As snug as hand to glove,
We mustn't be wrong-headed
Because we are in love."

"No, no!" exclaimed Medora.
"Dear Peter, never feel
That I would bind you! For a
Transient sex appeal
May frequent snare your fancy;
And should you sometimes stray
Toward Claribel or Nancy,
I will not say you nay!"

"We'll make it fifty-fifty,
My darling!" Peter cried:
"The sands of Time are shifty;
Why should your feet abide
For ever in a narrow
Vieux jeu fidelity!
Be flighty as a sparrow—
But O, fly home to me!"

"I never shall be jealous,"
Medora chirped; and he
In turn was quite as zealous
To outlaw jealousy. . . .

The Ancient Mother eyed them
With a satiric mien. . . .

So why should I deride them
Or moralize the scene?

—LEE WILSON DODD

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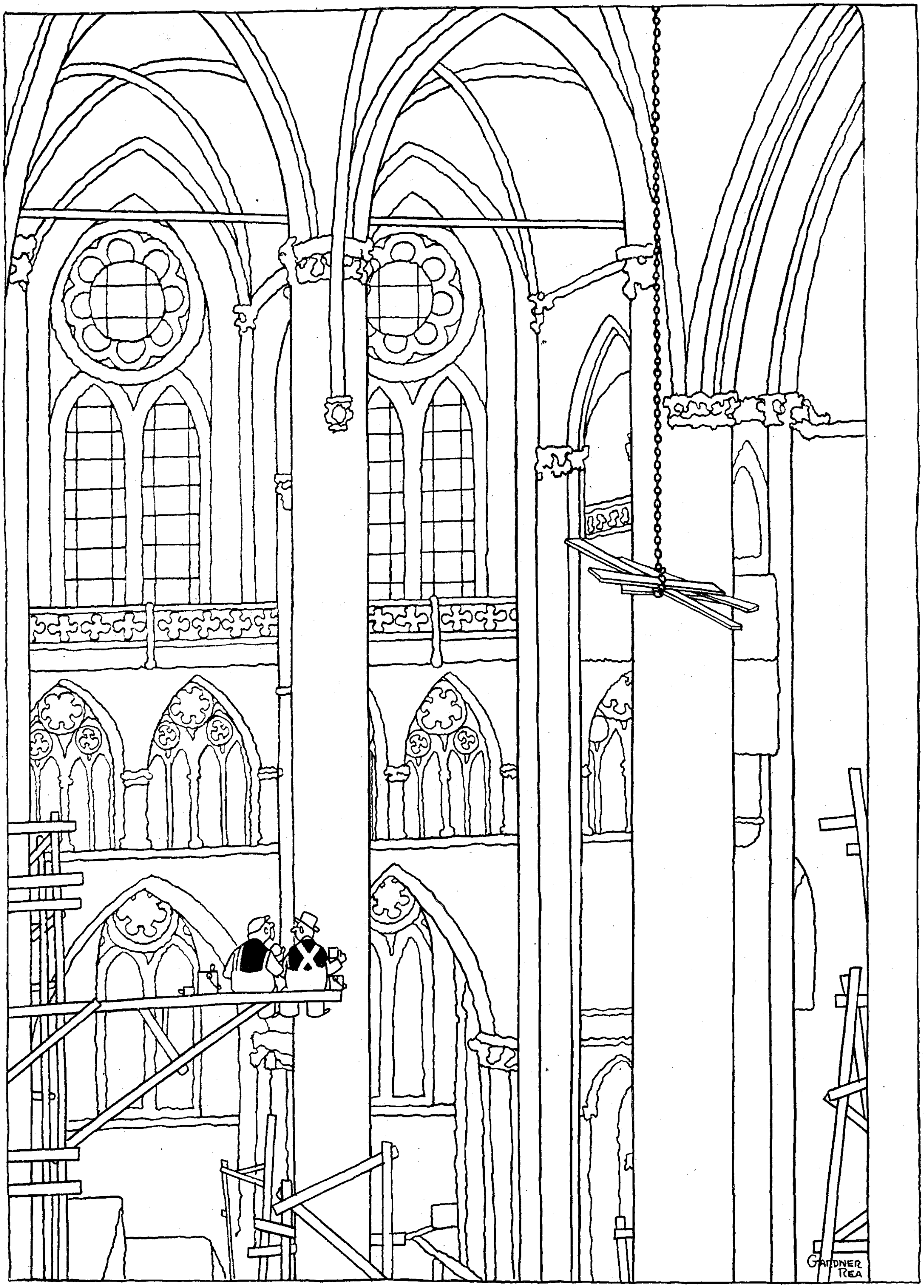
COUPLE employed will share new, nicely furnished home with 2 adults, or bedroom with itchen privileges.—*Adv. in Columbus (O.) Dispatch.*

If you know what they mean.



"Well, some of these days we'll have th' scaffolding down an' the Bishop can test her out with a prayer."

PROFILES

UGLY DUCKLING

THERE is one very depressing thing about the sumptuous Hollywood cuties. Most of them go on being cuties, with facial uplifts and desperate determination, until they wither and fall off the stem. Gloria Swanson does not. It is part of this astute lady's many-sided appeal that she has gone ahead and ripened into maturity.

Somewhere in that statement, I think, hides a clue to her perennial renewal. Gloria is one of the few who have managed to sail through the perilous jaws of thirty into a bigger and better stardom. Four years ago, when she came home from France with the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye attached to her belt, everyone thought that the ambitious Swanson had reached her climax. At first they appeared to be right. The overweening woman plunged recklessly into producing her own pictures, and was almost swamped several times. But she has crashed the talkies now, coming out once more at the very tip and forefront of the business, and for a final, amusing curlicue on her success she is a Victor-record artist into the bargain.

There are people who look and blink at the charming, gracious personality which glows through her latest film, "The Trespasser." They remember eight and ten years ago and longer. They remember what Heaven gave this woman to start with: exaggerated eyes, a prognathic jaw, and a nose which Cecil DeMille strongly recommended amputating. She did the rest herself. Her beauty was slowly and painfully wrought by the person who lives inside, and until that person grew up, Gloria was just a flat-faced tough girl with big lozenges of blue eyes.

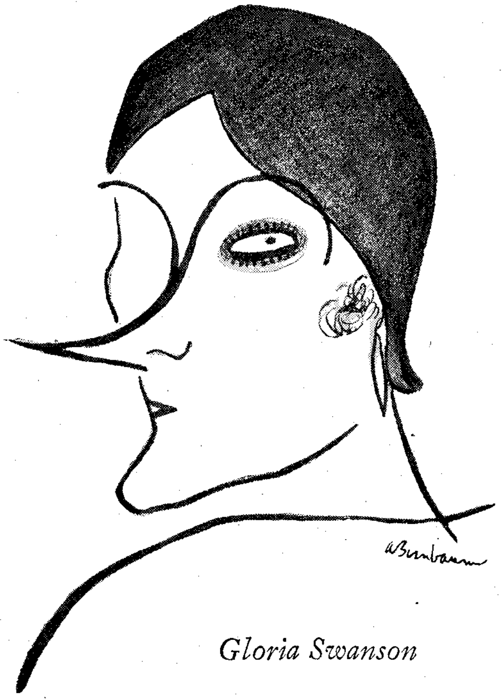
Not that she is wholly grown up, even now. Her sense of humor, for instance, is the underdeveloped sort that runs to practical jokes. A year ago a convivial of hers wrote to her, all in a spirit of fun, that he hoped Santa Claus would bring him two suits of heavy underwear and a stone-crusher. Gloria thought this was marvellous. She sent her secretary scurrying around, with the result that at Christmas the articles duly arrived in a five-foot box—the stone-crusher, fortunately, was a toy one.

As everyone knows, she sings very effectively in "The Trespasser." Shortly after she accomplished this coup some drawing-room comedian told a funny story about her going in for grand opera and losing her figure. A friend of Gloria's, whose wits were a trifle unsettled by the stock market, said: "No! Is she?" Gloria heard about it, and when the friend came to call she stuffed herself with towels and trailed around the apartment warbling trills, to convince the hapless victim that she was about to retire from the screen and sign up with the Metropolitan.

She went through an acute phase of this adult infantilism at Croton three years ago, before that pleasant home on the Hudson was fed to the wolf who howls periodically outside her golden door. At Croton, with her husband and a few kindred souls, she indulged in childish games. For example: you took round straw mats, the kind used for sitting on the lawn. Somebody rolled one on its edge down a grassy slope; the game was to stop it by sitting on it; the person sitting on the most mats won. In winter everybody had to go out and dig caves in the snow. Her parties are usually small gatherings of intimates, or else they are big, stilted, ill-assorted affairs held in honor of a new picture, with Gloria seated between Condé Nast and the Duke of Something and betraying a certain jumpiness at times.

NO one can be certain when an actress is or is not acting, sometimes not even the actress herself. But there is no doubt at all of the authenticity of Miss Swanson where one emotion is concerned; she is crazy about her children. She has two, Gloria, nine years old, and Buddy, her little adopted boy, two years younger. At present they are at school in Los Angeles. From a state of bored remoteness, she will suddenly warm up and talk for an hour if the conversation touches any topic from child psychology to certified milk. The children seldom go to the movies, and have seen their mother in a picture only once. They have never been photographed for publicity purposes. A sound film has been made of the youngsters playing a piano duet, but that is strictly a family record.

"I don't see why children should be made selfconscious," says Miss Swanson, "simply because their mother happens to be in the public eye."



Gloria Swanson

This reticence is confounding in the most theatrical creature on the screen. It afflicts Miss Swanson no less where her artistic efforts offstage are concerned. She dabbles in paints and clay, and she has modelled a head of little Gloria which Bryant Baker, sculptor of several presidential heads, once enthusiastically praised. Praised or not, she declined to allow it to be photographed for publication in a magazine. Unlike Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, Queen Marie, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, and other members of the aristocracy, she flatly refuses to endorse soap, cigarettes, and mattresses.

All this is interesting, because it helps to explain her face—an amazing face, considering that it was not notable to start with. Something, some residue of experience, has given it warmth and meaning. One can only grope for a clue. Several years ago Gloria sailed abroad on the Berengaria, with great éclat, in the suite occupied on the previous crossing by the Prince of Wales. With her were her two children and a staggering retinue. For a young woman whose name had lately been sprawled along Broadway in electric letters two stories high she made, on this occasion, a curious remark. To one of the party collected to see her off she was meditating on the importance of children.

"All this is very nice"—waving her hand at the recently royal suite, at the cartloads of flowers, at the obsequious gentlemen from Paramount—"but it's all over at thirty-five. And that's not a hundred years off."

She is always brooding and talking about growing old, pondering the probabilities of twenty years from now.

With the quiet, shuddering awareness which few mortals care to admit as their bedfellow, she knows that the dance won't last forever.

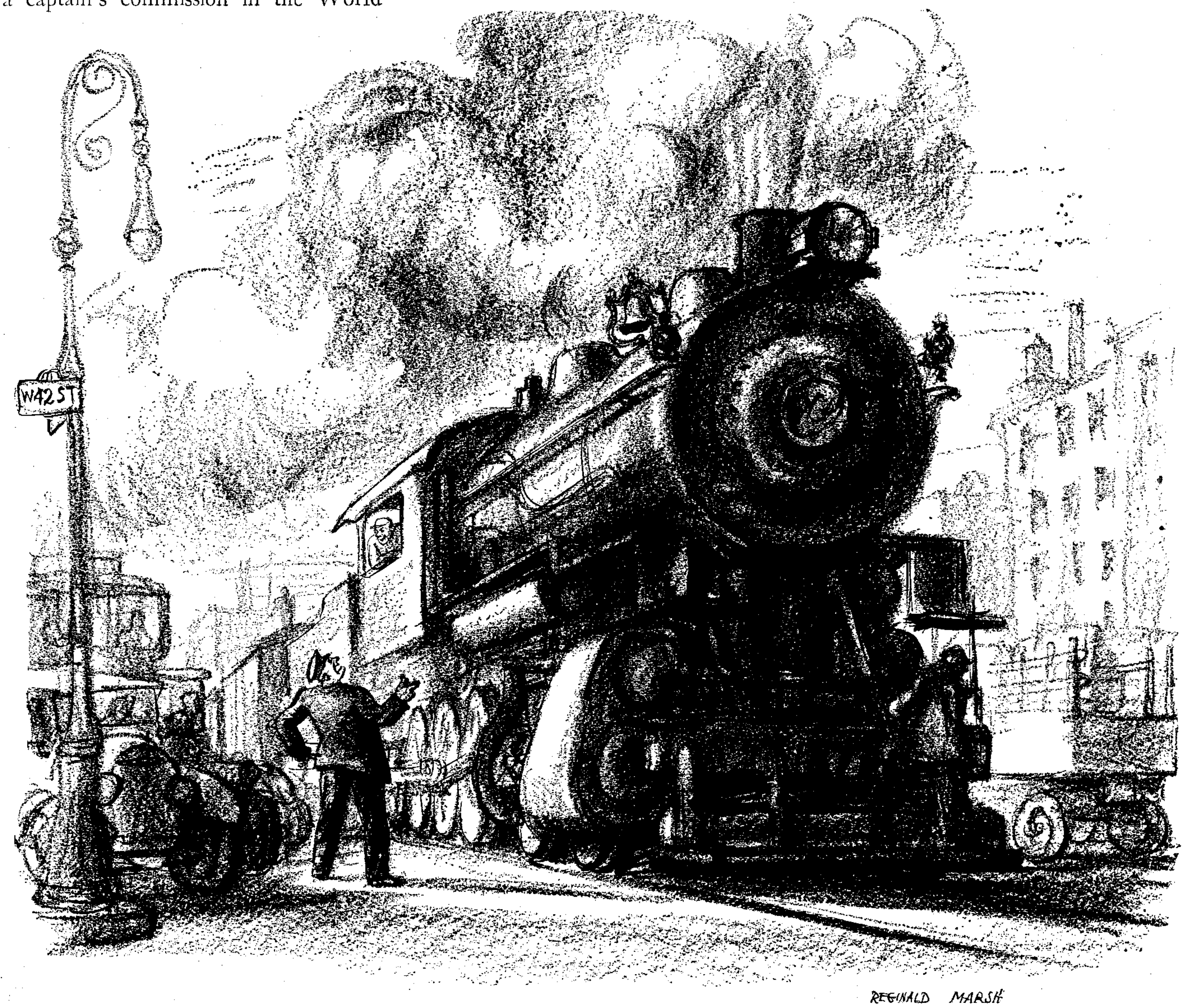
She has been tired so much, so utterly spent, that tiredness has left a permanent mark on her mind. "When I saw Janet Gaynor in 'Seventh Heaven,' I felt like an old shoe," she told someone. "I know what first success meant to that little girl. The full thrill of it comes only once." She hastened to add—a recurring theme with her—that she herself wasn't really so old. She is only a little past thirty.

SHE was born in a small frame house in the dreary wastes of Chicago. Her mother's name was Adelaide Klanowski; her father, Joseph Swanson, originally Swenson, was a lean, tough, restless individual with a bullet head and blue eyes, who had spent some time in the regular army and had got a captain's commission in the World War. Gloria's favorite childhood memories are of three years in Porto Rico, where her father was an army transport agent. In 1915 she got a job as extra with Essanay in Chicago, and six months later she went to Los Angeles and became a Mack Sennett bathing girl. She was a chunky child who got by in a bathing suit, but didn't know how to dress or fix her hair.

She seems to have been a very dark horse indeed. "Sullen," "shy," "unknowable"—so she is described by people who saw her in those days. Despite these unpromising adjectives she promptly married the biggest man on her horizon, who happened to be Wallace Beery, then starring in comedies.

After three years of custard pies she was promoted, in 1918, to dramatic leads in Triangle. The next year Cecil DeMille took her on. Gloria as DeMille made her, Gloria the clothes-horse, is too much for academic English. Shopgirls breathed hard and clutched their boy friends when she swept on the screen wearing a Chinese pagoda on her head, and a dress made entirely of ermine tails. She was simply God-awful. Worse, she continued to wear the clothes and manners of a DeMille heroine off the screen, because that was all she knew how to be. It was hard to realize that she was a diminutive person, five feet one inch tall; she looked big-boned. When she laughed, she laughed all over her face. As for her acting at that time, it made a lasting impression on this chronicler. Whatever the emotion, she conveyed it by pursing up her lips and looking as though she smelled something.

NO one would identify the foregoing as a portrait of the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. The Marquise has a smooth, high glaze. The Marquise is suavely and perfectly dressed, and incidentally she is a very competent actress. She had never re-



"Where the hell y' think yer goin'?"

vealed it until she made "The Humming Bird" and "Manhandled," about 1924.

At that period, too, she came to New York, where she was graduated from the DeMille seminary into a more sophisticated school. Her hair was no longer tortured into loops and knobs and swathings, but became soft and smooth. Ambitious and unresting, she soaked up improvement like a sponge. Long before, she had parted from Wallace Beery and married Herbert Somborn, a rich man of Los Angeles—and little Gloria's father; had parted from Herbert Somborn. When she went to France in 1925 to film "Madame Sans-Gêne" in its native Napoleonic setting, she married the amiable young Marquis who now vibrates between Paris and Hollywood.

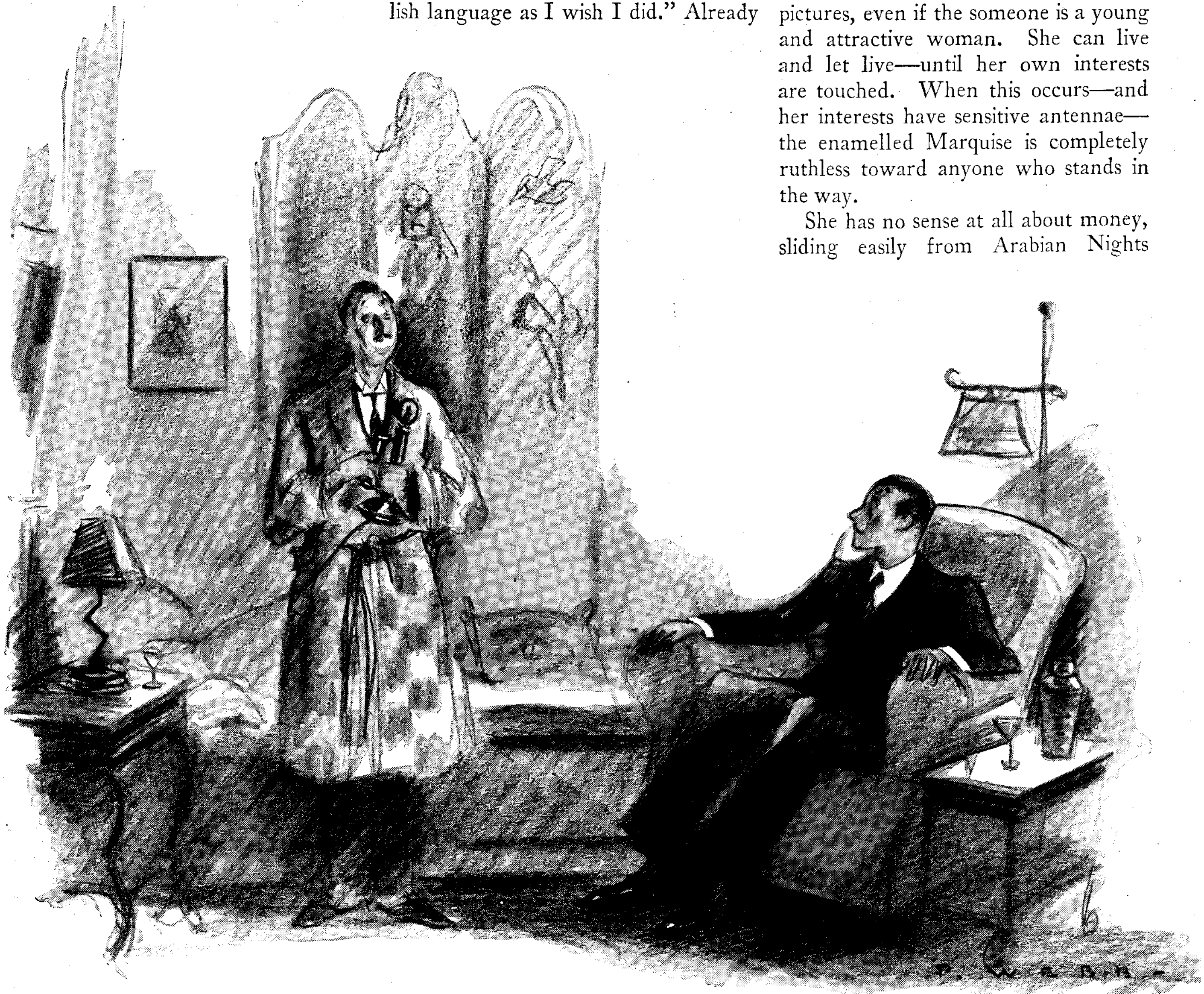
Her triumphant return was almost too much for her. For a time she went very Marquise. She took to having her secretary telephone her dinner invitations, in the following formula: "Madame la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye would like you to dine with her—"

That phase wore off, however, and now even the Marquis is simply "Hank," to her and her friends. At the smaller Hollywood parties you will see—after she has been pointed out to you—a quiet woman wearing, perhaps, a black lace dinner dress, and talking with someone in a corner. Socially she doesn't demand the centre of the stage; she doesn't have to. The present Gloria is sure of herself, with the real sureness which relaxes. She talks easily and frankly about her own deficiencies, regretting that she is "a person of no education"—a year and a half of high school. At a party a year ago people were discussing the talkies, as usual, and the question of the language difficulty came up. Miss Swanson mentioned that she knew a little French and was studying Spanish, adding, with disarming directness, "And I don't know as much about the English language as I wish I did." Already she has a foot poised close to the top step of her prodigious upward climb; she has learned simplicity.

She will never be one of the shrewd smart-crackers. Her rather inarticulate mind is inclined to fumble in the swift play of satire and wit. When George Bernard Shaw, appearing in Movietone, yielded to the naughty impulse and gave an imitation of Mussolini, it struck her as a meaningless proceeding. But she reads the current intellectual offerings, and she gropes wistfully in the poetic regions of the mind. The result of her gropings is not very good—yet. Given time, however, she would build herself a cultivated mind, just as surely as she has built herself a personality.

GRANTING that stars in general are not simple to work with, one can say that very many are more difficult than Miss Swanson. Intelligent and considerate, she is not afraid to see someone else do good work in her pictures, even if the someone is a young and attractive woman. She can live and let live—until her own interests are touched. When this occurs—and her interests have sensitive antennae—the enamelled Marquise is completely ruthless toward anyone who stands in the way.

She has no sense at all about money, sliding easily from Arabian Nights



"Was it Betty I called yesterday—and was it yesterday?"

opulence to gorgeous insolvency. Once she came all the way to New York from Hollywood to borrow money, and spent most of it returning home in a private car. Next to Cleopatra's swallowing of the pearl, the most magnificent gesture ever made by a woman is Miss Swanson's. She turned down a salary of slightly over a million dollars a year. This delirious sum was offered her in 1926 by Messrs. Zukor and Lasky, if she would consent to remain a Paramount star. But because she wanted to make her own pictures, carry out her own ideas, she refused, although she knew that with production expenses to pay she couldn't hope to harvest that sum. She became associated with United Artists, sharing with Chaplin, Fairbanks, and Pickford the honor and woes of heading one's own productions.

Her first independent picture, "The Love of Sunya," flopped, to the tune of ghoulish giggles from the Paramount Building. Miss Swanson struggled to her knees and neatly flimflammed Will Hays into letting her produce the highly censorable "Rain"—Mr. Hays graciously approved a story called "Miss Sadie Thompson," unaware that the two were the same. Fortunately "Sadie Thompson" is grossing well over a million. Financial stability has been supplied to Miss Swanson of late by Joseph P. Kennedy, who besides being her sponsor is president of Pathé.

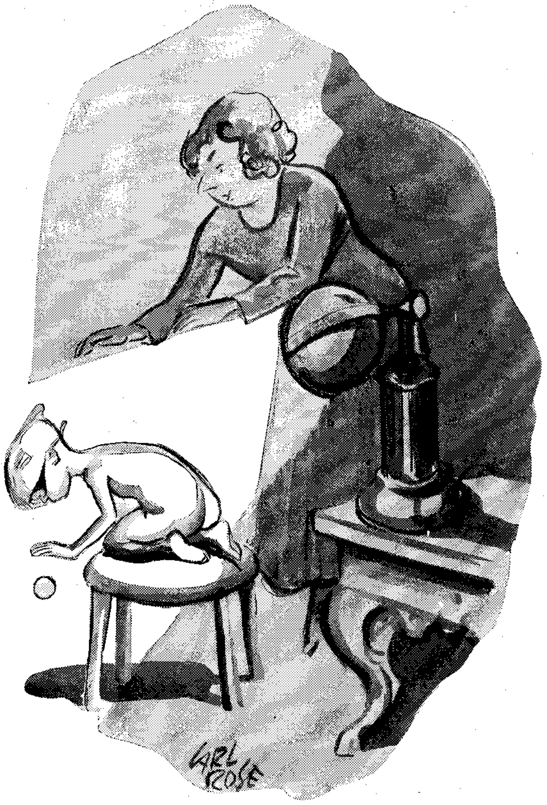
SHE engaged the brilliant but interminable Eric Von Stroheim to direct her next picture, "Queen Kelly," which was originally intended to be silent. Long before it was finished, however, the talkies had arrived, making a silent picture as good as obsolete. Embracing the inevitable, she scrapped weary months of work and slaved with voice instructors. Her chief instructor in speaking was Laura Hope Crews, who while modulating the Illinois "r" became Miss Swanson's devoted admirer.

When things grow too thick, Gloria has a fit of good old-fashioned feminine hysterics and feels better. At the moment, however, everything is sunny. "The Trespasser," her first talking picture, has proved a gratifying success, and now she is working on a sound version of "Queen Kelly," this time in the form of an all-color operetta, with a score by Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow."

ONE hears the frequent comment that her acting in "The Trespasser" is the best she has done yet. It would be. Several years ago, apropos of some indifferent topic, she made the pregnant remark: "I can't understand people who don't try to improve." She is no more a natural actress than she is a natural beauty, but who cares? Her Sadie Thompson, for instance, commanded respect, even though she did flatten out some of the nuances of "Rain." The emotions of her acting, although rarely subtle, are basically true emotions.

Yet, all in all, the best piece of work she has ever done is her own face in repose.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH



"Come now, dear, Mamma's little Boy Scout must be quiet during his outdoor hour."

• •

•

OF ALL THINGS

THE President warns us not to expect the impossible of the London Conference. Since we heard that six admirals went along as advisers we have not expected even the probable.

•

The English *Who's Who* makes a mess of the facts of Lindbergh's life. We call that pretty shabby treatment of the man who swam the Channel and brought the serum to Nome.

•

Present at the royal wedding in Rome, the A.P. says, were "three kings and two queens, two former kings and three former queens." Gamblers will observe that the second full house was picked out of the discard.

•

Our town has been having the warmest January weather since they began to count. It now appears, however, that the backbone of the summer is broken.

•

The fascinating Automobile Show is over but there is something to be said on the other side. Our newspapers are again written by newspapermen.

•

Cole Blease read in the Senate choice extracts from a dirty book and his remarks were reprinted in full. It looks like a big year for the *Congressional Record.*

•

The price of silver has fallen to the lowest point in history. This would be a good time to have your clouds relined.

•

Of course, we stand firmly behind the Administration in its program of making work for the masses, but it does seem overzealous to burn the government buildings.

•

Vare has announced his candidacy for the Senate and has gone south to spend the winter. In the light of his previous experience, perhaps he had better not spend anything else.

•

At the Natural History Museum, thirty-five hundred people battled with the police to see a movie about the Einstein theory. After this anybody who denies that New York is the cultural centre of the world will have this department to fight. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

ACTUAL

These warped pastures hold for me
More than bent crab-apple tree,
More than withered grass and stone.
Intricacies of flesh and bone
Here find a leanness to their taste,
A scorch of growing gone to waste,
A patch of hunger bleakly kin
To what the breast ribs tightly in.

—FRANCES M. FROST

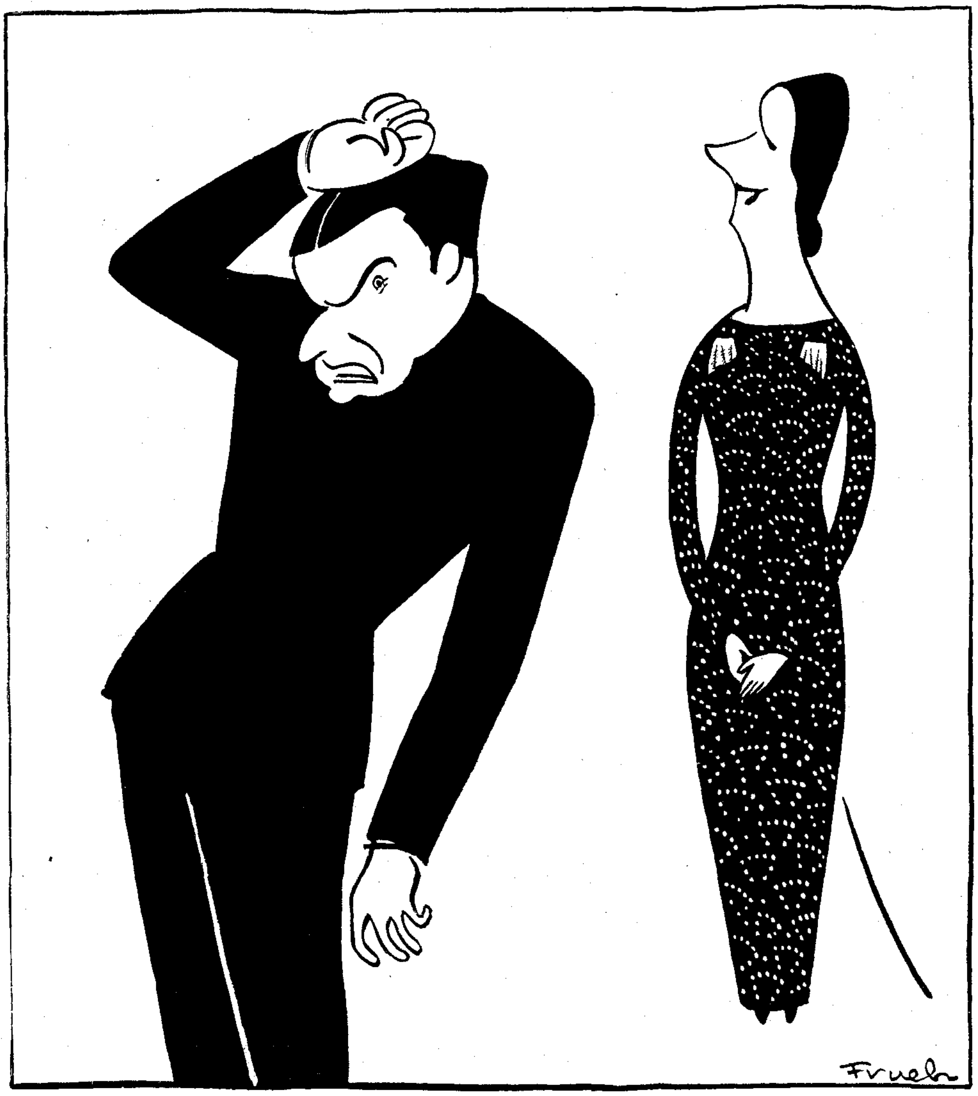
THE THEATRE

SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

YOU folks who go to the theatre only once or twice a week, and therefore have to watch the same old Punch and Judy dolls of modern drama come bobbing up and go flopping down only seventy-five or eighty times a season, do not realize what a play like "Children of Darkness" means to us old lifers. It is almost like seeing our first play in the theatre.

For in "Children of Darkness" Edwin Justus Mayer has not only revolutionized the theatre by peopling his play with new characters, so new that you actually cannot foretell what they are going to do next, but he has given them fresh speeches to utter and, what is even more incredible, speeches with a genuine literary quality which will bear inspection on the printed page. In fact, there is grave danger of their seeming too literary for those of you who have had only a moderate dose of the other kind, especially as Mr. Mayer has left perhaps eight or ten too many in his acting version. But anyone whom I hear complaining of this surfeit of graceful writing I am prepared to take by the scruff of the neck and compel to come with me to the rest of the plays this season.

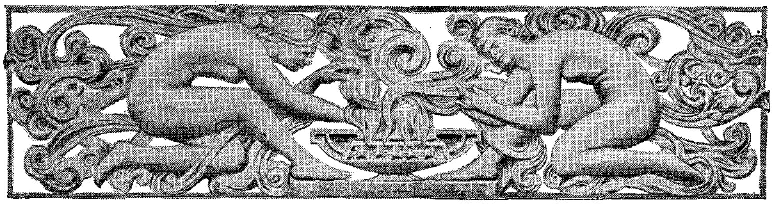
Mr. Mayer's play deals with a group of star-boarders in His Majesty's jail at Newgate about the year 1725, gentlemen of various disreputable callings who, by payment of a certain *supplément*, are allowed the freedom and privacy of the jailer's personal quarters during their period of confinement. There is the notorious Jonathan Wild, right out of criminal history and Fielding's biography, who is so mercilessly gypped by his mates on his way to the gallows that you are almost sorry for him; there is a French *comte spécial*, whose lack of two hundred pounds has kept him a house-guest for three years and who combines a delicate sensitivity to white birds in the free air outside with a ruthless indifference to some of the finer points of prison etiquette, ending, however, in a noble gesture of self-abnegation to the surprise of everybody; there is a young poet, also in for debts, who is the only unsullied member of the group and therefore the least interesting, and there is a gorgeous sadist and poisoner-extraordinary (with also a charming tendency to necrophilism) who lends a patrician and lordly tone to the proceedings which make the last act, instead of the customary let-down, a high climax of bitter and devastating comedy. Then there is the jailer, a Mr. Snap, as fine a rogue as the rest of them, and his daughter Laetitia, who helps the more personable boarders to while away the long hours between sunset and sunrise, and who might well have been responsible for the remarkable popularity of Newgate during that period.



"METEOR"

Being a superman is quite a physical strain, what with walking about and snapping fingers, as witness Alfred Lunt in the above picture with Lynn Fontanne standing by and waiting for a little personal attention.

All of these Mr. Mayer has thrown together in a splendid, rowdy comedy whose only drawback is the aforementioned plethora of fine writing (but this time really fine), and in it Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis, as the count and the jailer's wench (the latter a name by which the play was once known in its unfortunate tryout last year with Ina Claire in the rôle), are given complementary rôles in which they must revel as wholeheartedly as the audience does



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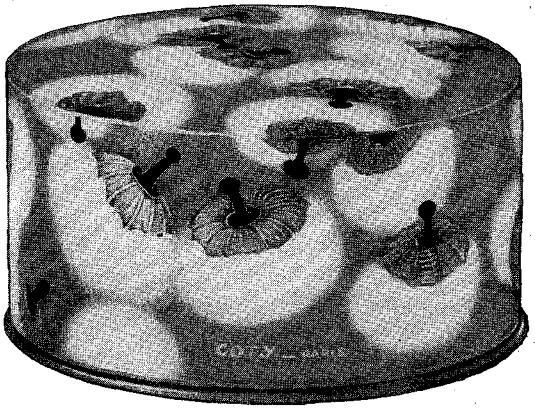

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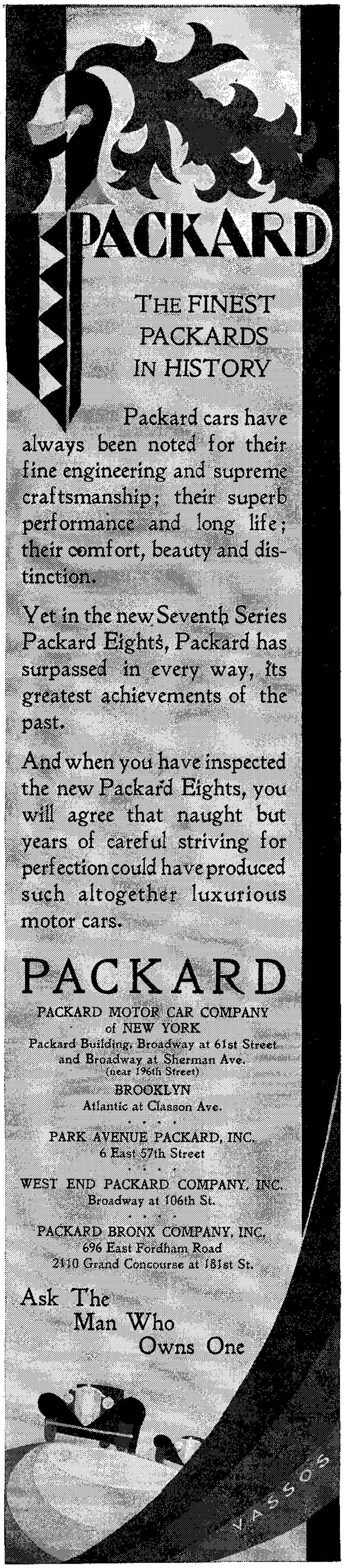
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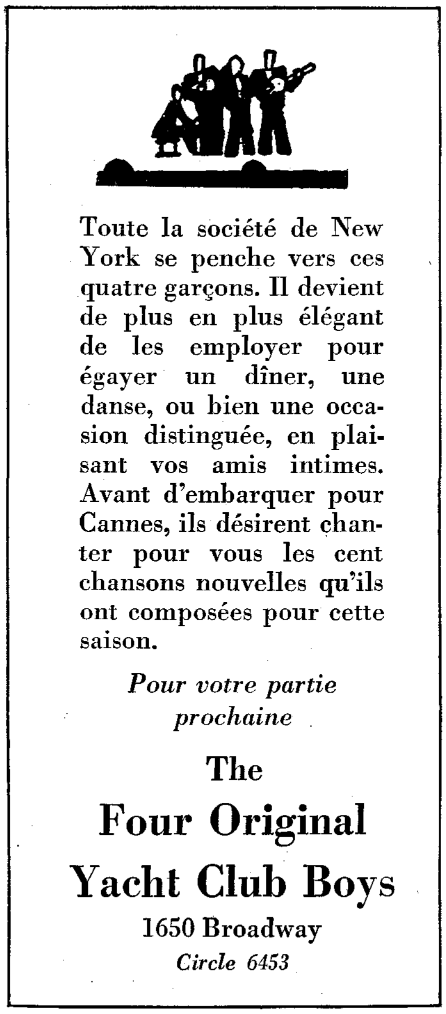
in their acting of them. Walter Kingsford as Mr. Snap is almost too good to be true, and Kerby Hawkes and Charles Dalton, as the poet and Wild respectively, are two poles even farther apart than Mr. Perelman's Pilsudski and Paderewski. In the epic rôle of Lord Wainwright, the patrician poisoner, Mr. Eugene Powers takes most of the last act to himself, and it is only the thought of what Arthur Byron must have been in the rôle last year that keeps one from hailing him as an ideal choice.

Incidentally, I will offer rebuttal to myself in answer to my charges a few weeks ago against the dire effect of Hollywood sunshine on Sidney Howard by offering Mr. Mayer as an example of a writer who has been working for the movies even longer than Mr. Howard. Possibly "Children of Darkness" is Mr. Mayer's bitter gesture of independence to his masters, as one who would, with Uncle Tom, say: "My body may belong to you, but my soul belongs to God." At any rate, my case against Hollywood is considerably weakened.

IT is very easy to take Robert Emmet Sherwood's "Waterloo Bridge" and destroy it by calling it the old story of the prostitute who goes straight because of the clean young man who comes into her life and believes in her. For it is that, and nothing more. And Mr. Sherwood laid himself open to this sneering when he chose it for his subject. But that will not explain away the frequent catches in the throat or the unmanly welling up of tears which many of us old cynics experienced during his exposition of it. If we are going to grant St. John Ervine the right to open up the well-thumbed story of the clever wife who wins back her dull husband simply because audiences still rejoice in it, we must concede an equal right to Mr. Sherwood, who has at least put different costumes on his characters and thrown in an air-raid or two.

Of course, where Mr. Sherwood


Toute la société de New York se penche vers ces quatre garçons. Il devient de plus en plus élégant de les employer pour égayer un dîner, une danse, ou bien une occasion distinguée, en plaisant vos amis intimes. Avant d'embarquer pour Cannes, ils désirent chanter pour vous les cent chansons nouvelles qu'ils ont composées pour cette saison.

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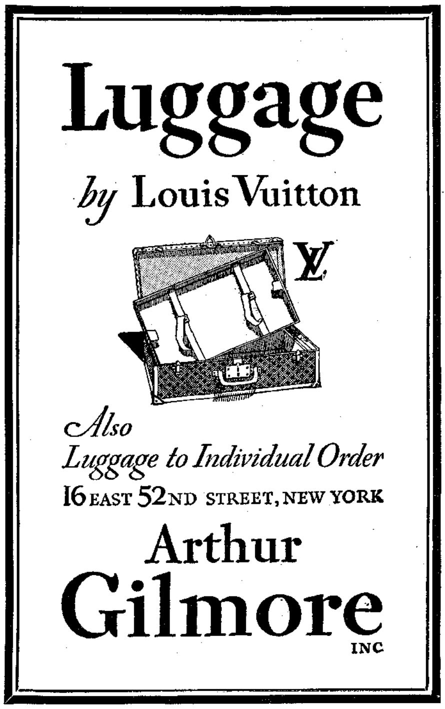
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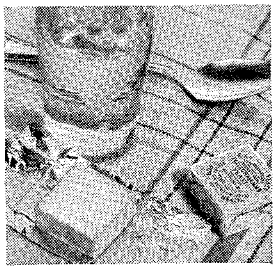

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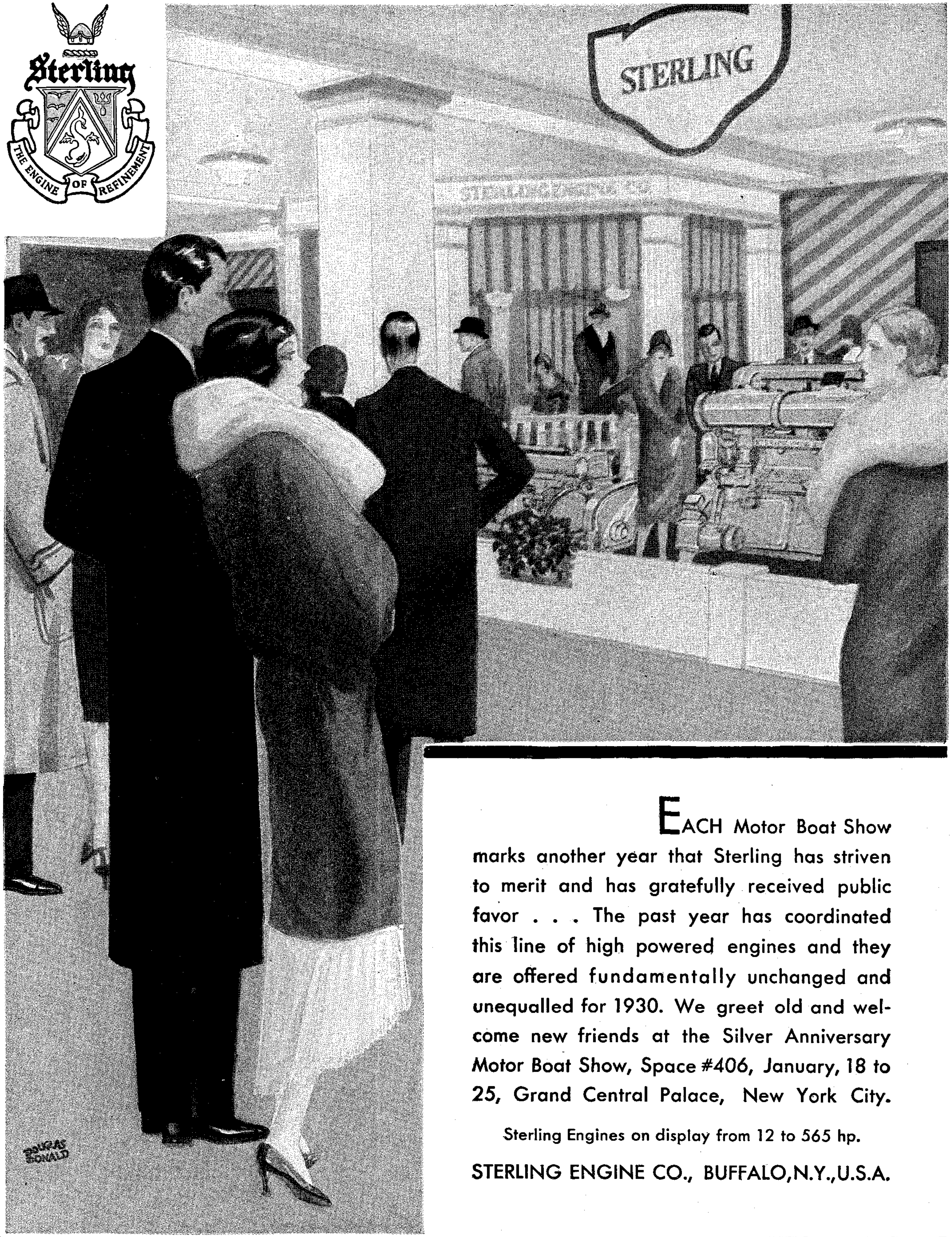
falls behind Mr. Ervine is in his attempt to give an eleven-o'clock curtain to a play which should have rung down at ten-twenty. There are several splendid scenes in "Waterloo Bridge," but they are each five or ten minutes too long, a fault which is well-nigh fatal. Except for the curtain to the first act, your tears have had a good chance to dry on your nose before the scene is over. Glenn Hunter has never been better or more audible (that is, not since he was a boy) and June Walker gives a heart-breaking performance, increasingly so as the play progresses. Cora Witherspoon and Florence Edney, in regulation rôles of familiar type, also help you forget that they are having to say the same thing too many times. But, for the moments which drag, there are moments which are so fine and genuine and tender that the whole sum of the evening is, for those of us who don't mind letting ourselves go a little, more than agreeably sentimental and moving.

I STILL don't know why I sat all the way through "So Was Napoleon," but, for some equally strange reason, I am glad that I did. It is a *mélange* of some of the worst gags of the season, gag after gag after gag, but every once in a while, out pops a good one. And, weaving in and out through the evening, glides that excellent comedian, Hugh O'Connell. I think that it was the disinclination to miss his next appearance which kept me in my seat.

"So Was Napoleon" tells the story (with difficulty, it is true, owing to having to stop and laugh every few minutes) of a town sap who goes to Europe to spend a sudden inheritance and blunders into a countess with nickel mines. ("I thought nickels were made in the mint," Mr. O'Connell has to say.) Thanks to a series

Sterling

THE ENGINE OF REFINEMENT



EACH Motor Boat Show marks another year that Sterling has striven to merit and has gratefully received public favor . . . The past year has coordinated this line of high powered engines and they are offered fundamentally unchanged and unequalled for 1930. We greet old and welcome new friends at the Silver Anniversary Motor Boat Show, Space #406, January, 18 to 25, Grand Central Palace, New York City.

Sterling Engines on display from 12 to 565 hp.

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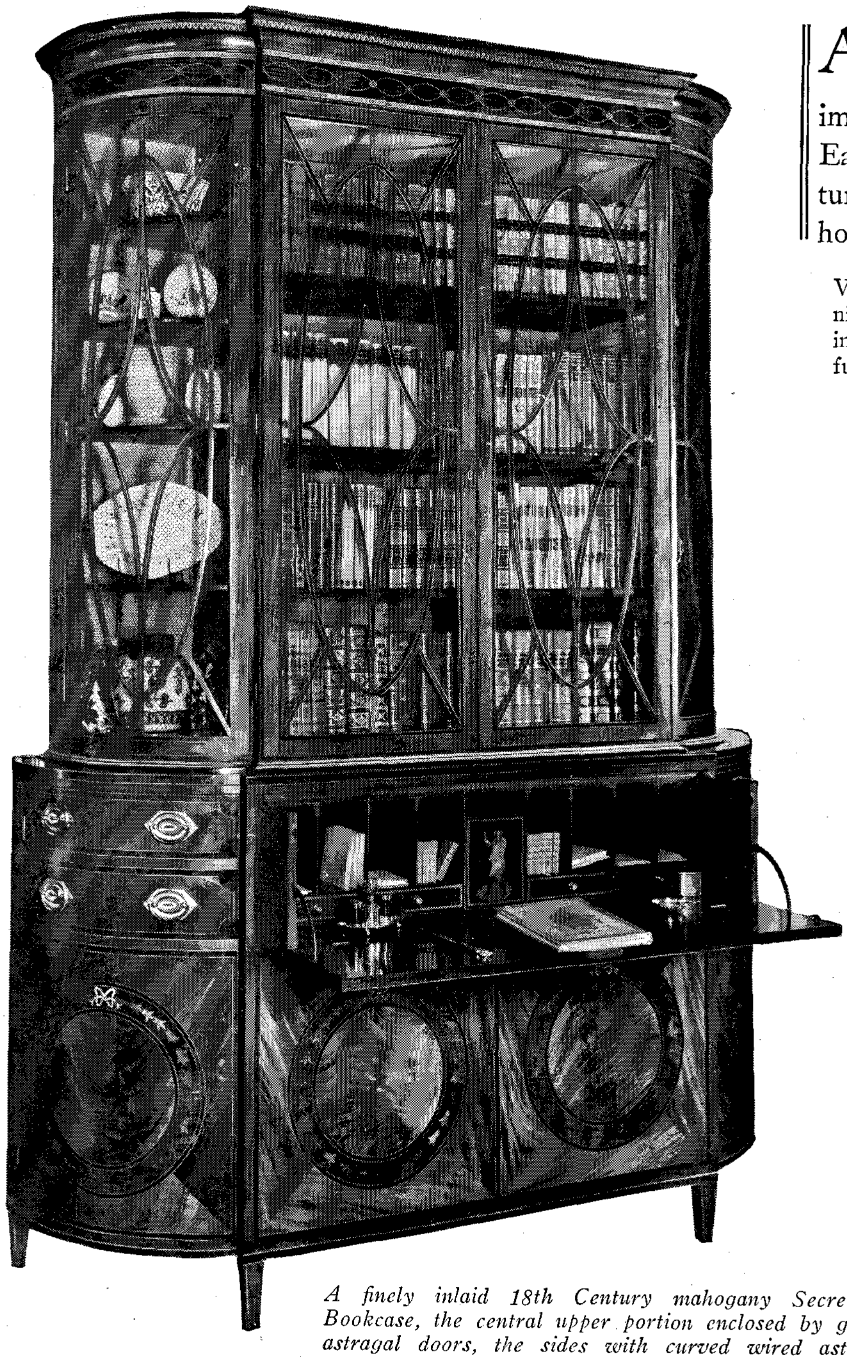

A finely inlaid 18th Century mahogany Secretarial Bookcase, the central upper portion enclosed by glazed astragal doors, the sides with curved wired astragal doors. Height 8′ 6″, length 6′, depth 1′ 9″.

Vernay

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of telegrams from his friends in Syracuse, sent to the captain of the ship and signed "Al Smith," "Franklin D. Roosevelt," and "Otto H. Kahn," he becomes known as a great engineer and is confronted with several engineering problems which he solves by mistake. There's your story. Interlard it with every known crack which has been made along Broadway for the past two years (and several which haven't, chief among them being: "Did you employ dikes in building the Barge Canal?" "No, we just had a gang of Italians." This I consider top for the evening) and there you have "So Was Napoleon." The play is notable in that it is the first to give Dorothy Parker credit for a line, the only trouble being that, in justice to Mrs. Parker, it was not hers.

There is one feature of "So Was Napoleon" which might well be taken up in social circles. On board the Leviathan (an exact reproduction, according to the program, of the Imperial Suite, and who am I to say whether it is a good likeness or not?) the people evidently gather for cocktails before dinner and then go directly into playing bridge, thereby eliminating all that bother of ordering food and eating it. A very sound idea, if you ask me. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

[*An idyll of Westchester County, from Westchester Home Life Magazine*]

The paths of romance do not always run smooth and "Dan Cupid" plays a lot of pranks upon his victims before he allows them to settle down with their life partners. Those who read Westchester Home Life from cover to cover recall the announcement in the October number of the engagement of the beautiful and attractive Eleanor Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bruce Johnson, of Webster Avenue, New Rochelle, to Mr. John P. Carney, son of J. P. Carney of Chicago. Shortly thereafter, Fate decided that John would not be the lucky individual to take the attractive Eleanor on life's journey of happiness and the engagement was mutually terminated. Since this episode the Johnsons have sold their house in New Rochelle and are now living in Bronxville, that delightful and exclusive suburban community that makes culture its preeminent asset. Mr. Johnson is abroad on a business trip for the First National Film Company, with which he has been connected for many years, as one of its executives. His daughter, Eleanor, whose personal charms have been pictured by many of America's foremost artists, is modeling at the exclusive feminine salon known to particular people as Bergdorf-Goodman, on Fifth Avenue, New York.

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PARIS LONDON BERLIN MADRID ROME

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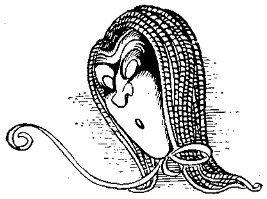
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



AN UNFINISHED STORY

TWENTY years ago come Michaelmas, my dears—no, as a matter of fact, it was just twenty years ago tomorrow—a firm of wholesale druggists in London delivered five grains of a then obscure poison called hyoscin to a mild-mannered little doctor, whose offices were in Albion House. He was a native of Coldwater, Michigan, and for some years past had been supporting his home in Hilldrop Crescent by pulling the local teeth and dispensing our hopeful Doctor Munyon's remedies to incautious English sufferers. His name, of course, was Harvey Hawley Crippen. A fortnight after that fateful nineteenth of January, Mrs. Crippen, who flaunted the professional name of Belle Elmore, had vanished from Hilldrop Crescent, never to be seen again, except in fragments, on this earth.

Six months later, the vast multitude of us who do most of our adventuring vicariously were sustained through the sweltering midsummer of 1910 by the violent developments in Dr. Crippen's affairs. All along, it seemed, Belle Elmore's neighbors had been disquieted by his accounts of her. He followed the announcement that she had been called to the mountains of California by the news (conveyed in black-edged, grief-stricken notes) that she had died there, inaccessibly. He was nearly out of his mind, he wrote, what with poor Belle's death so far away from him. But the neighbors recalled that she was no sooner gone than he had installed his typist as housekeeper, the frail and ductile Ethel Le Neve. He had even taken her to the ball of the Music Hall Ladies' Benevolent Fund, on which occasion she wore, if you please, a brooch that had been Mrs. Crippen's. The tide of their uneasy gossip reached Scotland Yard in July. During Inspector Dew's first visit of inquiry the little doctor, between darts into the next room to pull a tooth or fill a cavity, frankly admitted that Belle wasn't dead at all, as far as he knew. Indeed, he convinced the detective that she had merely run off with another man. But then, in belated and needless panic, he lost his nerve and decamped. At that, the inspector paid a second visit to the deserted house in Hilldrop Crescent, going over it patiently, inch by inch, until, packed in quicklime and buried in the brick floor of the cellar, he found the boneless remnants of a human being. Then Scotland Yard asked the whole world to help in the hunt for Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve.

On this side of the Atlantic, interest in the search leaped high when the skipper of the S.S. Montrose, plodding between Antwerp and Quebec, reported by the new-fangled wireless that two of his passengers, who had booked passage as John Robinson and Master Robinson of Quebec, were, he suspected, none other than the fugitives from Hilldrop Crescent. It seems that the Robinsons, *père et fils*, had been seen squeezing hands in the shadow of a lifeboat, and this horrid sight was attended by other suspicious facts, such as that Master Robinson's trousers were moored with large safety-pins. When he heard about the safety-pins, Inspector Dew put out to sea in a fast boat that would bring him to Quebec ahead of the Montrose, and by October, Crippen was in the dock at the Old Bailey.

THE case is noteworthy in criminal lore for the keen detective work that noosed the little doctor. The witnesses were able to prove, by some strands of bleached hair in a Hinde's curler, that the buried viscera were the remains of a woman; then, by an operation scar on a bit of abdominal skin, that the woman might well have been Belle Elmore; next, by the two-sevenths of a grain of hyoscin found in the viscera, that this woman had presumably died of that poison; and, finally, by the label in the pajama jacket in which these remains had apparently been carried to the cellar—the label of a firm recently incorporated, mind you —that the burial had certainly taken place after the Crippens moved into the house.

But it is as a love story that the Crippen case holds its place in the memoirs of that period. From the moment the monstrous and incredible little doctor was taken into custody until he was hung by the neck in Pentonville Prison, he had no thought save sheltering concern for the silent, pallid typist whom his passion had dragged to the edge of the abyss. Her last telegram to him was his final comfort. His last letter to her, some of which got into the *Daily Mail*, had beauty. Indeed, it was a pet theory of the late Marshall Hall—the flamboyant advocate whose recent biography, "For the Defence," is an immensely entertaining book, hereby most heartily recommended—that he could have rescued Crippen from the gallows had the doctor been willing, by his testimony, to implicate his mistress in a guilty knowledge of the murder. In his successful defence at her trial, Mr. F. E. Smith pictured Crippen as the most callous and cold-blooded murderer in the records of Old Bailey, but in his "Famous Trials of History" this same Mr. Smith, since become the Earl of Birkenhead, added, as an epitaph, "At least he was a brave man, and a true lover."

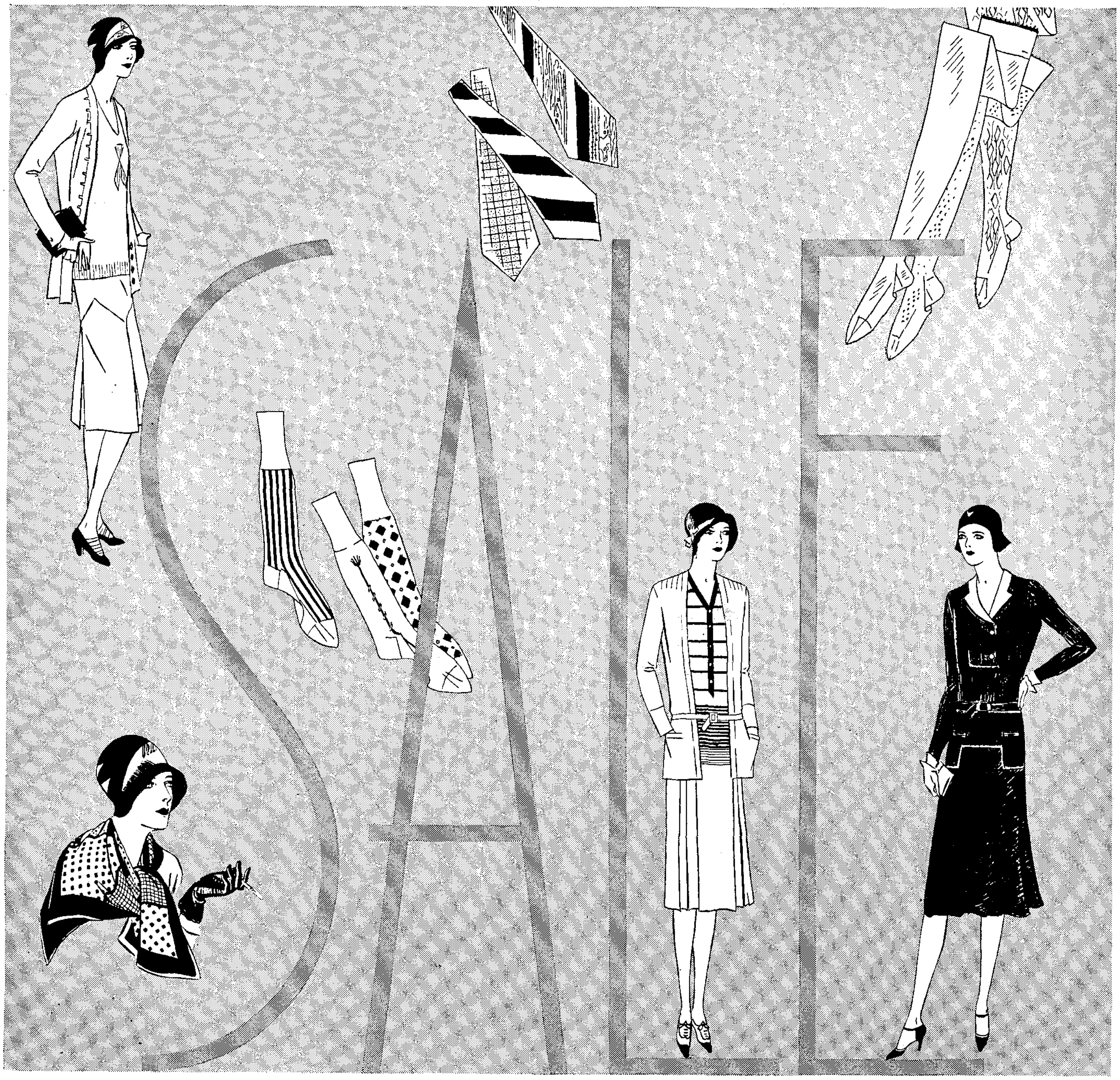
Now I have searched these two books in vain for an answer to the reasonable and sole remaining question, "What became of Ethel Le Neve afterwards?" These tragedies which run serially in the newspapers always thus madden me by leaving out the last chapter. They are like absorbing novels read on a train and left unfinished in the seat.

Thus it befell that when Birkenhead visited this country in the Fall, he was trailed everywhere by a mysterious, masked native who turned out, at last, to be an old meanie in search of information. "Whatever became of Ethel Le Neve?" To my ill-concealed fury, His Lordship didn't know. As far as I could make out, His Lordship had never even inquired, being but vaguely of the impression that she had been adopted by a passing Woman of Samaria, had been brought to this country to live, and had died here, under another name. One would read with such interest the chronicle of her after years.

WHICH leaves me just room to quote W. E. Hill's famous defence of Dr. Crippen, in whose confidence he professed to be at the time.

"Belle," Mr. Hill stoutly insisted, "died natural, but had always expressed a desire to be buried in the cellar."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



AT THE PECK & PECK MID-WINTER SALE, A BRILLIANT COLLECTION OF FASHIONS FOR SPORTS WEAR AND TRAVEL, FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY, ABOUNDS WITH TIMELY SUGGESTIONS AT MORE THAN GENEROUS REDUCTIONS . . . THERE ARE TRIM LITTLE SUITS AND DRESSES OF TWEED JERSEY, COVERT AND VELVETEEN . . . FUR TRIMMED COATS OF EXQUISITE TAILORING . . . INFINITELY BECOMING HATS AND SCARFS IN COLORS GAY OR SUBDUED . . . THE CORRECT STOCKINGS FOR SPORTS AND DRESS OCCASIONS . . . IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC SWEATERS IN DEBONAIR PATTERNS AND DISTINCTIVE WEAVES . . . AND FOR THE MAN, THE SMARTEST OF GOLF STOCKINGS AND SOCKS . . . AND A TRULY HANDSOME ARRAY OF NECKWEAR.

PECK *and* PECK

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
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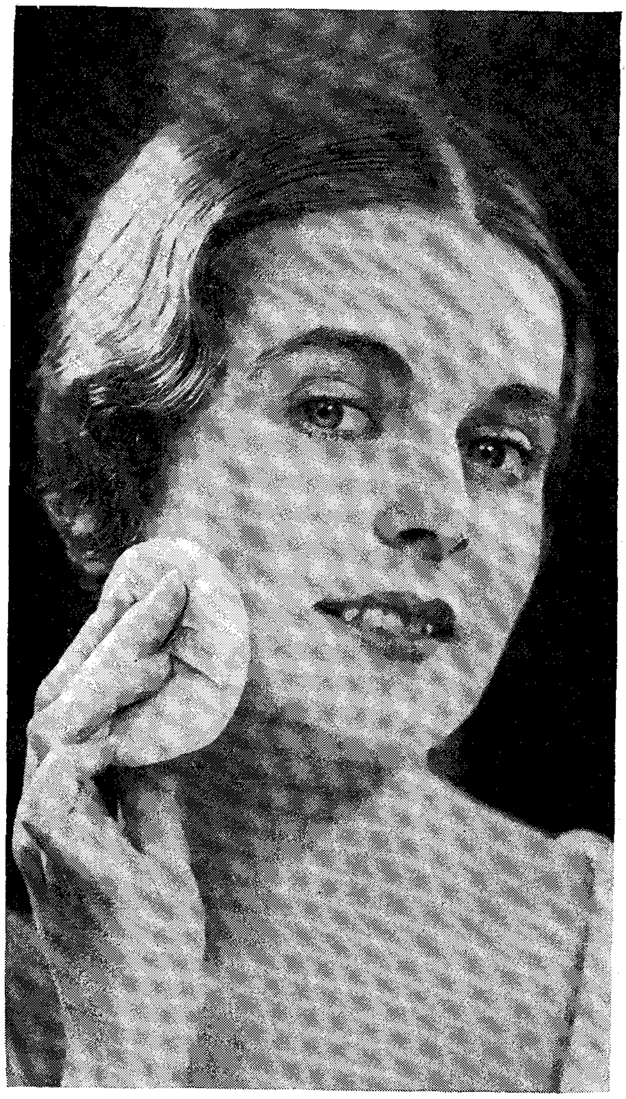
FIFTH AVENUE AT 42ND STREET
MADISON AVENUE AT 69TH STREET



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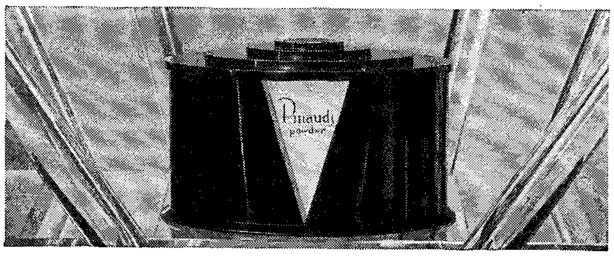

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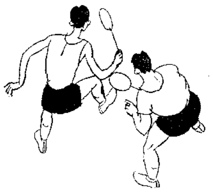
COURT GAMES

Buffet Squash — The Career of a Winner



ONE of the most spectacular squash-tennis events of the past few weeks was the exhibition match between Frank Ward, the City Athletic Club professional, and Bob Cahill, coach of the Park Avenue Squash Club. Ward is the world's squash-tennis champion; and, judging from his playing the other evening, he will continue to hold this title for many, many years. He conceded his opponent five aces a game and then proceeded to defeat him. Not without making a strenuous effort, however, for Cahill played with devilish cunning—particularly in the second game, which he won, 6–15. In the long run, though, he could do nothing against Ward; nor, indeed, can anyone else. Ward plays the fastest squash tennis in the world; he wallops almost every ball with all his might in a way that makes the slams of such powerful amateur players as Rowland Haines look like fly-swatting. Moreover, in this particular match with Cahill, he was forced to take most of his shots when he was completely off balance, out of position, and, according to laws of logic, should not have been able to touch the ball at all. This seemed to make no difference to him; many of his finishing shots were played from impossible positions.

The game, which took place at the Park Avenue Club, was quite a gala affair. A buffet supper was served, and over a hundred members and guests ate and drank as they watched. The presence of a large gallery had a tonic effect on the players, who obviously enjoyed themselves. Incidentally, it was exceptionally clean squash: very few balls were knocked over the back wall, and in three games there was not one let.

A MORE perfect contrast to this than the final round of the Princeton Invitation Tournament could not be imagined. Harry Wolf of the New York A.C. and B. H. O'Connor of the Crescent A.C. were continually bumping into each other, hitting each other with their racquets, and in general making the affair look

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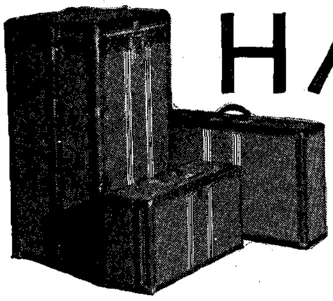

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A Hartmann Matched Group in Tan Canvas Grain Ducord with sporty Regimental Stripes is extremely smart. $35 to $225.

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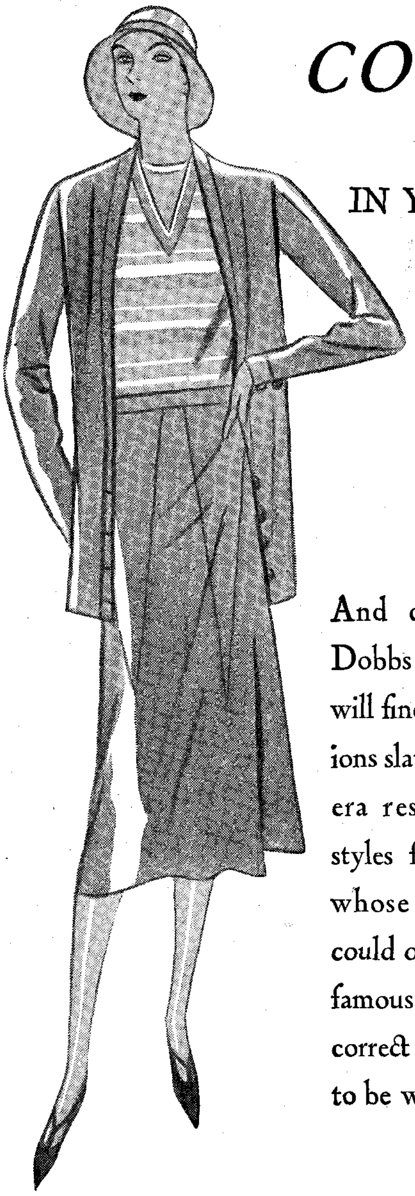

And choose them from the Dobbs new collections where you will find the smarter knitted fashions slated for Southern and Riviera resorts. Refreshingly new styles for golf and sports wear whose originality and variety could only be achieved by a shop famous for sports clothes. Also... correct sports hats and accessories to be worn with these costumes.

This fine quality boucle model, with all the charm of the modern mode in its smartly flared skirt, tuck-in striped sweater and simple cardigan, may be had in delightful sunshine shades.

49.50

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

more like a wrestling match than anything else. The reason was that O'Connor stuck pretty close to the middle of the court, at the same time hitting all-around-the-court shots that generally ended up just where he was standing. In his efforts to get out of the way he frequently collided with the unfortunate Wolf, who, being considerably the slimmer of the two, was quite thoroughly bruised at the end of four games.

Since winning this tournament, Wolf has continued along his happy way by easily defeating H. S. Thorne of the Yale Club in the interclub activities, which were renewed last week. Thorne, however, endeared himself to lovers of the eccentric by serving with his right hand, volleying with his left, and using both when in a jam. Most of the time he used both.

WOLF, by the way, is no newcomer to squash tennis, sports writers to the contrary. He started playing in 1923, when he was fifteen. At first he just fooled around, the next year he was in Class B, and in 1925 he became a ranking player on the Montclair team. Then he went to Williams, where there are no squash courts. He played tennis there all four years, and ended up captain of the team. Two years ago he was the New England intercollegiate tennis champion. He is undoubtedly the best squash player Phi Beta Kappa can claim as a member. Today, when he isn't on the courts, he may be found toiling away in the Foreign Loan Department of the Equitable Trust Company.

Naturally, he plays a lot with Rowland Dufton, the New York A.C. professional. Dufton generally gives him five points; to make things really close, he would have to give him eight. The best amateurs cannot compare with the coaches: when Wolf, with a head start of five points, beat Jimmy Reid of the Crescent A.C. the other afternoon by a slight margin, he was doing the unexpected. He modestly—but perhaps accurately—says that Frank Ward could give him ten points and still win. —G. T. H.

•

Salt Water Taffy, By Corey Ford. This burlesque on the much discussed Evelyn Scott's "The Wave" is one of the funniest things of the year. 34 illustrations. $2.50.—*Toronto (Ont.) Saturday Night.*

What vague discussions you have, grandmother!

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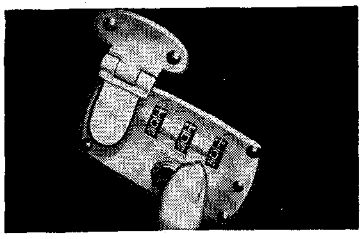

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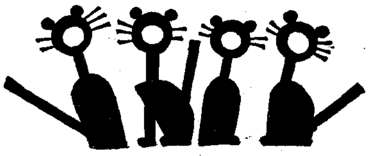
MRS. BENSON

MRS. BENSON and I met in the office of our dentist—according to Mrs. Benson's emphatic opinion, the best of all possible dentists. I discovered in the course of our conversation that this loyalty is typical of Mrs. Benson's attitude with regard to anything she has chosen as her own. Her milliner is the cleverest and most reasonable of milliners, her butcher has the finest cuts of meat, the neighborhood in which she lives is the prettiest and most convenient, her doctor is the most skillful and charming.

Possibly it is this characteristic pride in her own that is at the basis of her fanatical love of her adopted city of New York. She was tolerant, though a bit scornful, of people who prefer other dentists or milliners to hers, but at the very mention of the misguided souls who actually admit a leaning toward life in smaller towns, she fairly choked with indignation. "It just shows them for what they are," she harangued, "the—the yokels! Because," she summed up, "after all there *is* only one New York."

There being no answer to that one, I said nothing. Mrs. Benson continued on what seemed to be her favorite topic. She was a positive textbook on the subject of how to keep oneself cheaply and constantly amused in Manhattan. It seems she serves on committees of many of the drama, matinée-luncheon, literary-discussion, and art clubs that abound in New York. At meetings of these clubs various actors, dramatists, producers, and novelists display themselves, so that Mrs. Benson has a large although passing acquaintance with "people who do things." She has, I gathered, George M. Cohan, William Brady, Jane Cowl, Otis Skinner, D. W. Griffith, Louis Mann, Mrs. Fiske, and innumerable others at her finger-tips, so to speak.

Mrs. Benson loves the theatre. She seldom misses a Wednesday matinée. As she told me that, I had a swift image of Mrs. Benson as the centre of one of those large groups of giggling middle-aged ladies who invariably congregate directly in the centre of theatre lobbies on midweek matinée days—the tinier the lobby, the larger the group—emitting shrill cries of "Well, I paid you for mine, Frances, remember I



IN AND AROUND THE CUPS

MY, how busy everyone is at this point in the season! It's appalling, really. What with the less obnoxious New Year's resolutions still in force, hounding the white goods sales, tip-toeing around that miserable and traitorous stock market, entertaining Aunt Hilda who *would* come at the worst possible moment, Amos 'n' Andy, 'Gene O'Neil's latest psychological excavations...well, there's hardly a second for anything. Which brings me—and it's high time I arrived—to one great and glorious household time saver, G. Washington's Coffee.

It is *so easy* to make, this modern coffee. All you do is add a level teaspoonful to hot water, for a cup of breakfast or dinner joy. No grounds, no pots, no percolators, no strainers ...none of those. Because it's so blissfully simple, don't think the flavor is anything but most delicious. No, Sir ...No, Madam, G. Washington's is made from the finest coffee grown; it is all coffee, pure coffee—nothing but coffee.

Coffee brewing by the old pot and percolator route is largely a catch-as-catch-can proposition; wins sweet words of praise today and bitter aloes tomorrow. G. Washington's, however, is uniform in goodness at all times, under all conditions. Every cup, of course, is made fresh, and you can make one cup or six, without waste. It would be so, as G. Washington's —and I speak this part with cathedral volume—is prepared always exactly and scientifically the same.

Expensive? Never, gentle reader. Merely to raise the question discloses a disturbing bearish trend on coffee information, (nothing to worry over, really, if the victim is otherwise normal) which must I hasten to revamp. The small can of G. Washington's makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary ground or bean coffee.

However, enough of words. Any good grocery or chain store will provide; try it. Or write for a sample, 10c. G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 1504 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, N. J.

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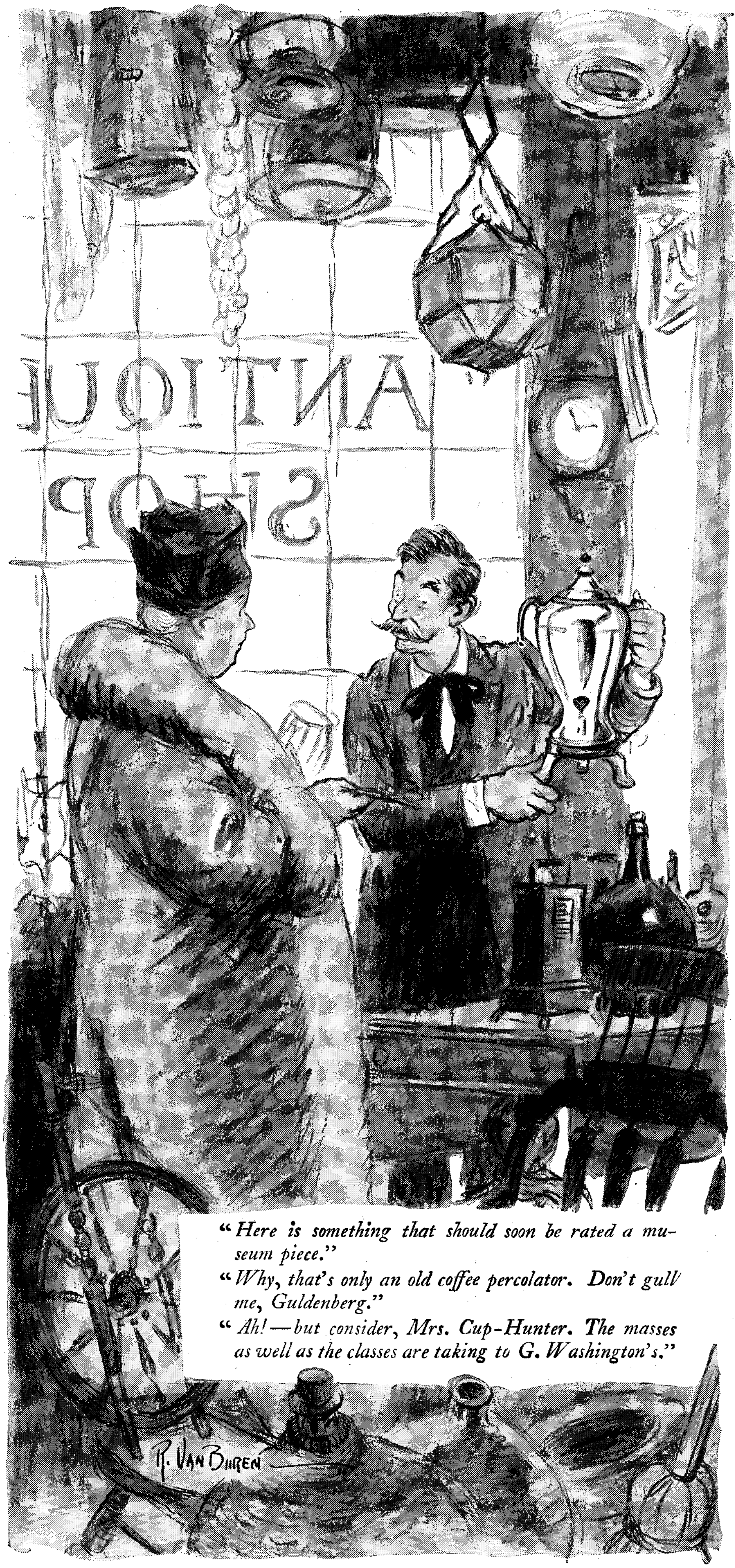
INSTANT COFFEE
ABSOLUTELY PURE COFFEE MADE SOLUBLE



"*Here is something that should soon be rated a museum piece.*"

"*Why, that's only an old coffee percolator. Don't gull me, Guldenberg.*"

"*Ah!—but consider, Mrs. Cup-Hunter. The masses as well as the classes are taking to G. Washington's.*"

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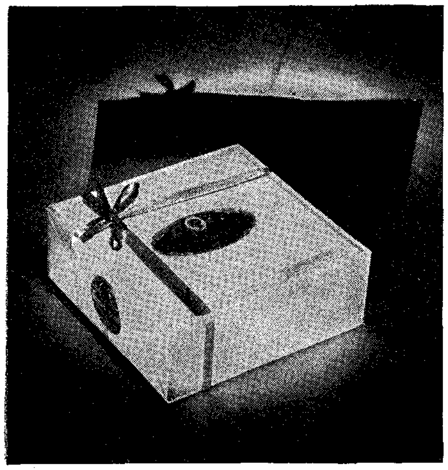

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gave you five dollars and you gave me—" and "What on earth can be keeping Emmy? She *never* disappoints and it's almost—" and one of whose members is generally to be found holding up the line at the ticket window to shriek excitedly across the lobby, "Oo-hoo, Madge, Lil, oo-hoo, girls, listen, he's only got three-dollar seats left, want to pay three dollars, girls, listen, girls, want to pay three dollars or should we go on over to the Paramount? They got Ronald—"

MRS. BENSON proved a walking encyclopedia of every table-d'hôte dinner in the upper West Side. She waxed enthusiastic about the glories of their seven courses of "more than you can eat," and recounted prices and addresses glibly and at length. It came as rather a shock to me to hear Mrs. Benson admit a fondness for Chinese restaurants, but she stepped back into character when she assured me that she had "no earthly use for those chow-mein, chop-suey messes, but their American dinners *are* awfully good and everybody knows that Chinese cooks *are* the cleanest in the world, and they are so inexpensive, you get more than you can eat, and they are so gay with their music and dancing and all."

Although she has never been inside a night club or a speakeasy, Mrs. Benson reads about them avidly and gets a vicarious thrill out of their scandals, high prices, and general immorality. She loves her New York for its faults even as she tartly denies them to its disparagers, and basks happily in the glamour of New York's wickedness and extravagance, although they are as far from her as if she had never left her native Grand Rapids.

—G. SCHWABE

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TCH TCHK DEPARTMENT

[*From the Denver Post*]

OSLO, Norway—(By United Press.) Aker had won out Sunday against Oslo in a "bedroom frontier" dispute waged for months and finally carried to the courts. In readjusting the boundary between the two cities, engineers drew a line through a particular bedroom in a block of flats so a husband's bed was in Oslo and his wife's in Aker.

Under Norwegian municipal law the domicile for taxing purposes is where the husband sleeps, and so Oslo claimed a victory. But the municipality of Aker was not easily convinced. It took the husband to court and on cross-examination asked where the husband had slept between Dec. 31 and Jan. 1 when the tax year started. The husband admitted he had slept in Aker.

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NOT "Hot Dogs" mind you, but plump brown frankfurters, their casings almost bursting with their spicy, hunger-appeasing contents. And they're imported from Germany where wurst-fabriking is an art. Yet what are frankfurters without their tasty side-kick, sauerkraut? It's a dish you will find in its absolute perfection only at a German restaurant like

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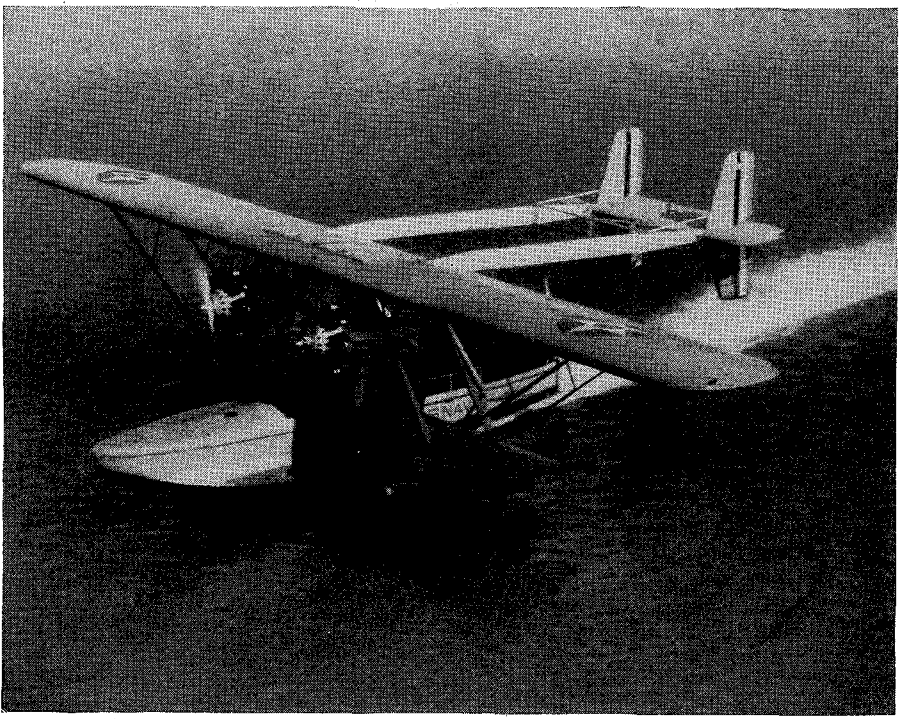

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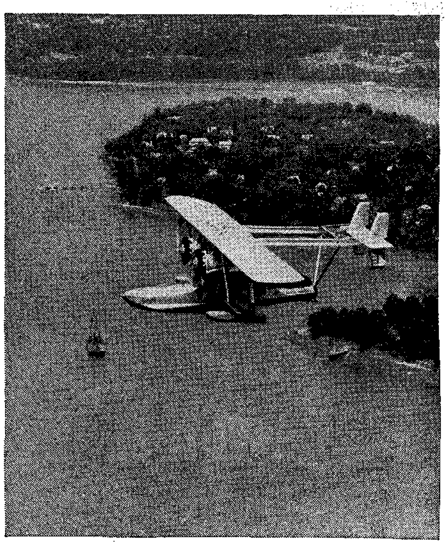

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MURIEL KIRKLAND, who has scored an outstanding success in "Strictly Dishonorable," says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin wonderfully smooth and fine. It is a joy to use."

QUEENIE SMITH, appearing at her winsome best in "Street Singer," says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin clear and smooth. I certainly couldn't do without it."

MILDRED McCOY, the delightful star of "It's a Wise Child": "The stage star *must* have attractive skin. Lux Toilet Soap has a marvelous effect on mine."

BETTY STARBUCK, who gives such a notable performance in "Heads Up," says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap because it gives my skin a velvety smoothness."

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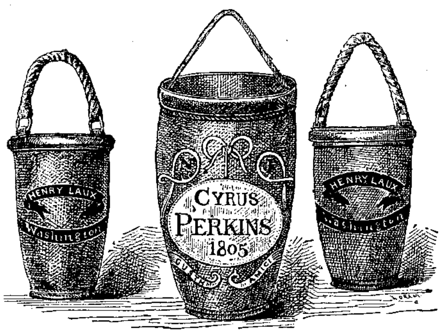
THAT WAS NEW YORK

I—FIRE BUCKETS AND THE RATTLE WATCH



OLD LEATHER FIRE BUCKETS

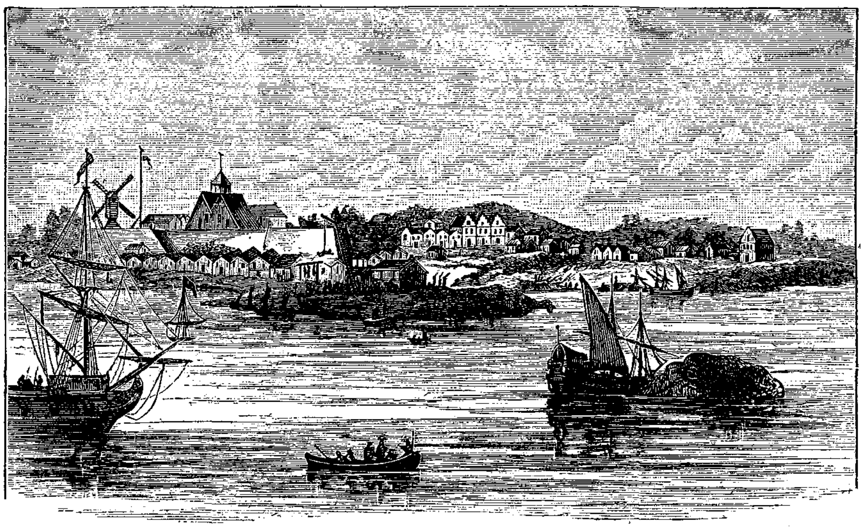
THE first recorded fire within the limits of the present city of New York occurred on a clear November night in 1613, when the Dutch ship Tiger, commanded by Captain Adriaen Block, burned as it lay at anchor in the harbor. Driven into their small boats by the conflagration, Captain Block and his companions put ashore, and after suffering great hardships, for the winter was bitter cold, they erected the first human habitations constructed by white men on Manhattan Island—four small wigwam-shaped huts with thatched roofs, about where the building at 39 Broadway now stands.

The first houses built by the colonists who followed Captain Block were log huts or flimsy cabins with wooden chimneys and roofs thatched with dried reeds or sod. They were extremely inflammable, and from the earliest days fires were of frequent occurrence. Methods of fighting the flames were necessarily primitive, for although there was plenty of water—all of the dwellings were near the Bay and the East and North Rivers, a stream "deep enough for market boats" flowed along the present line of Broad Street, and several wells had been dug—there was a shortage of tubs, buckets, and other receptacles, and no organized method of getting the water upon the fire. No steps were taken to provide fire protection until January, 1648, when old Pieter Stuyvesant, as Director-General of the Colony, issued a proclamation forbidding the citizens of Nieuw Amsterdam to erect wooden or platted chimneys, and the Council promptly passed an enforcement act and appointed four of the most influential residents of the village as Worshipful Fire Wardens. Their duties were to inspect chimneys and hearths, and direct the efforts of the burghers whenever a fire occurred.

THE Worshipful Fire Wardens were thus New York's first fire department, but they appear to have been remiss in their duties, for the practice of inspecting the dwellings soon fell into disuse, and the embryo metropolis was again the prey of the fire demon. Eight years later the Burgomasters publicly chided the citizens for paying so little attention to the subject of fire, and appointed three other Worshipful Fire Wardens, and after a few months Daniel Litschoe, who kept a famous tavern in Pearl Street, near Wall, was added to this force. New York, or Nieuw Amsterdam, then contained a hundred and twenty houses and had about a thousand inhabitants. The northern limit of the city was Wall Street, where a line of palisades stretched across the island from about the present location of Trinity Church to the East River, as a protection against marauding bands of Indians who swooped down from the north. Gates were cut in the stockade, from which lanes and country roads led to the country estates, or bouweries, of the rich. Some of these establishments were as far north as the present junction of Third and Fourth Avenues and the Bowery, but between them and the small settlements in Haarlem and near Spuyten Duyvil stretched a wilderness inhabited only by savages.

The new Worshipful Fire Wardens discharged their duties with great diligence, but despite their zeal and the promulgation of an order for the removal of hog-pens and similar inflammable structures from Broadway and other principal thoroughfares, fires continued to occur, and there was much agitation for the purchase of regular fire-fighting appliances. During the late winter of 1657, after the home of Samuel Baxter, an influential citizen, had been destroyed by fire, the Councillors authorized the Burgomasters and Schepens (a Schepen performed the duties of the modern alderman) to collect for every house in the city one beaver or eight guilders in sewant—loose shell beads which were used as money—and procure from Holland two hundred and fifty leathern fire buckets, and have fire-ladders and hooks constructed. The city's craftsmen, however, declined to make the hooks and ladders, and because of shipping difficulties the idea of buying buckets in Holland was abandoned.

A year later, therefore, the seven shoemakers who plied their trade in Nieuw Amsterdam were called in solemn conclave before the Executive Council, and implored to manufacture the buckets, but some said the undertaking was too arduous, while others had no materials. At length, however, the patriotic Remout Remoutzen agreed to make one hundred buckets, each to hold about three gallons and, inspired by his example, Adriaen Van Lair offered to fashion fifty. The Council agreed to pay for each bucket two stuyvers, or about two dollars and a half. The shoemakers labored prodigiously, and the buckets, which were the first fire-fighting apparatus owned by the city, were delivered to the Council on January 20,



MANHATTAN, 1656

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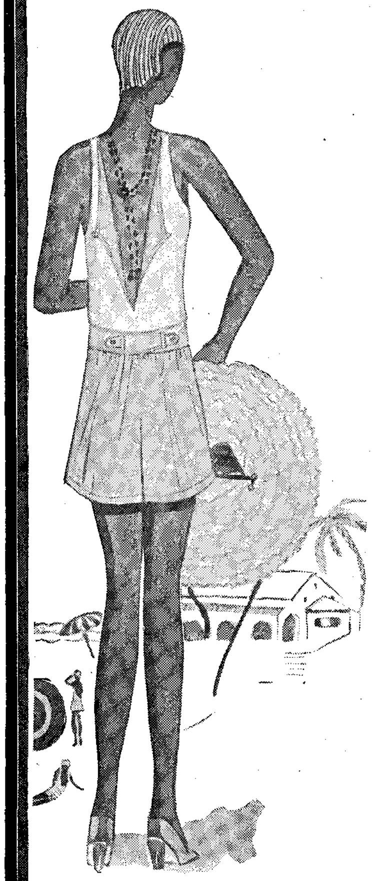

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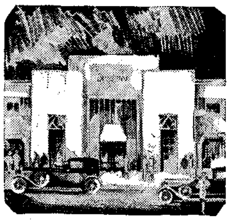
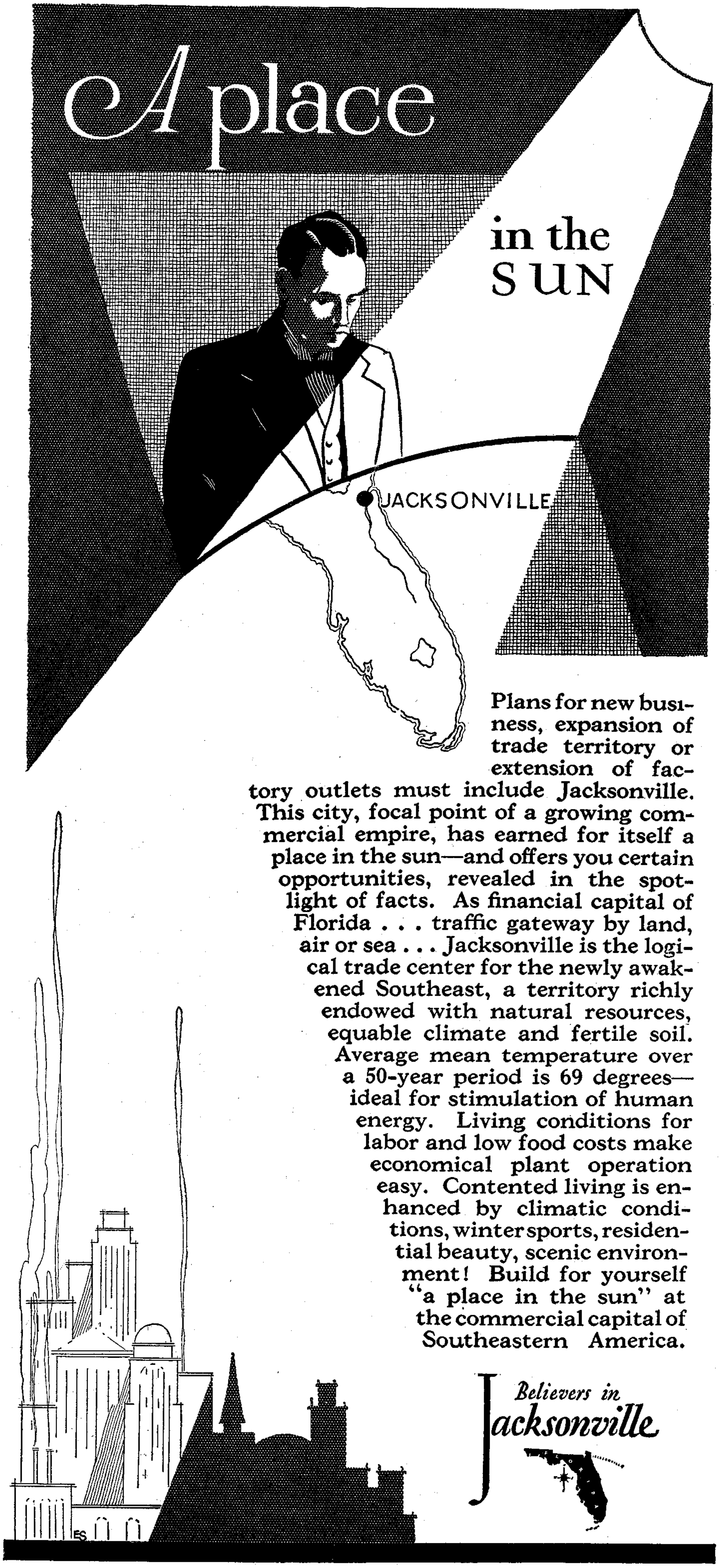


CREATORS OF SUNSHINE FASHIONS



A place in the SUN

JACKSONVILLE

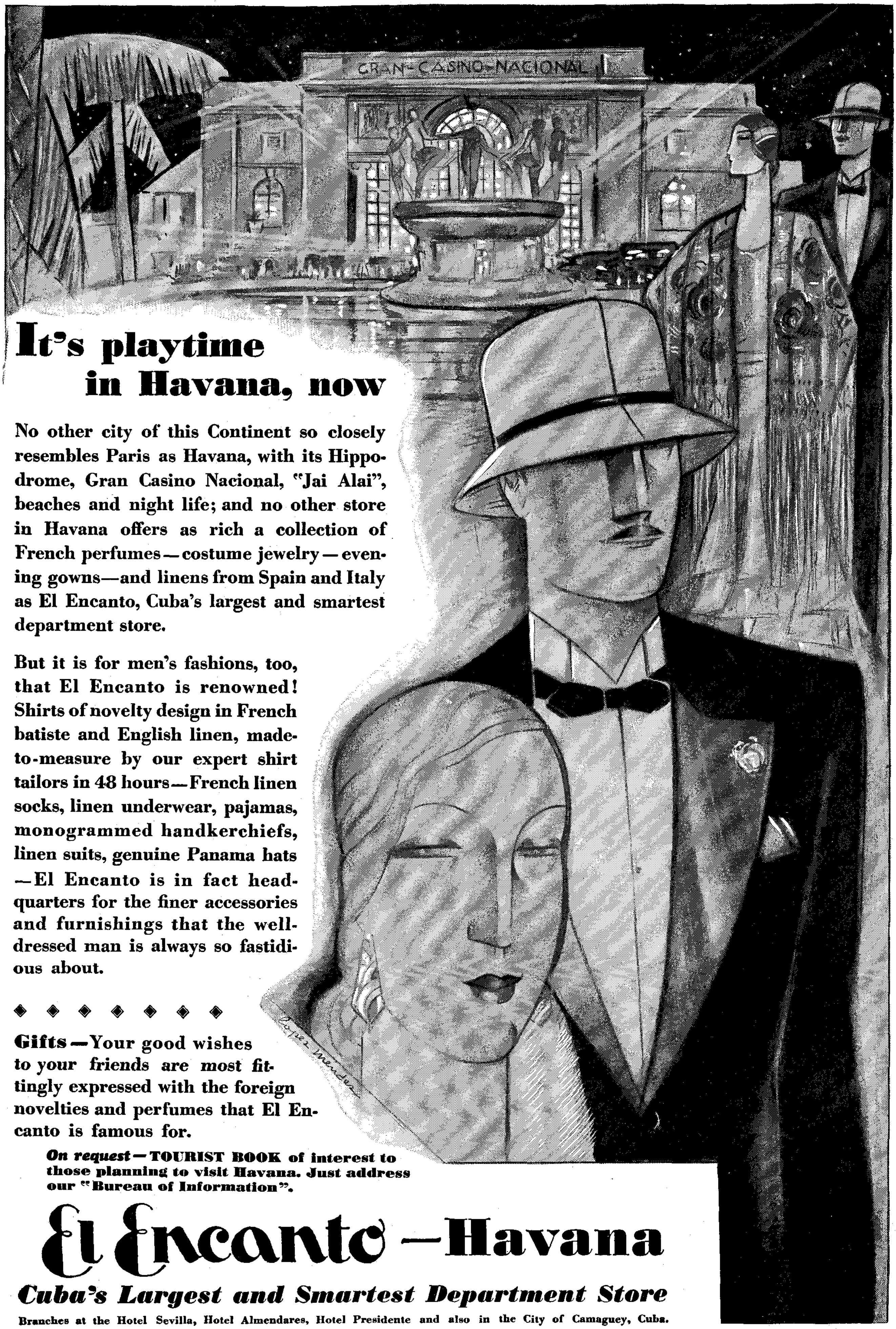
Plans for new business, expansion of trade territory or extension of factory outlets must include Jacksonville. This city, focal point of a growing commercial empire, has earned for itself a place in the sun—and offers you certain opportunities, revealed in the spotlight of facts. As financial capital of Florida . . . traffic gateway by land, air or sea . . . Jacksonville is the logical trade center for the newly awakened Southeast, a territory richly endowed with natural resources, equable climate and fertile soil. Average mean temperature over a 50-year period is 69 degrees—ideal for stimulation of human energy. Living conditions for labor and low food costs make economical plant operation easy. Contented living is enhanced by climatic conditions, winter sports, residential beauty, scenic environment! Build for yourself "a place in the sun" at the commercial capital of Southeastern America.

Believers in Jacksonville

1659. Fifty were placed in the Stadt Huys, at Pearl Street and Coenties Slip, and an equal number in Daniel Litschoe's tavern at the northern end of the city. The others were deposited in the homes of various prominent citizens.

DURING the early years of Governor Stuyvesant's administration the peace of the city was kept by the Burgher-Wacht, in which all the male citizens served in turn, but when Stuyvesant ordered them to buy firewood for the watch houses at their own expense the watchmen went on strike. Peace was restored after much controversy, but the Councillors had lost faith in the Burgher-Wacht; and, moreover, the burghers refused to work at night. So on April 29, 1654, the Council passed an ordinance authorizing the appointment of a paid force of from four to six men, who were to patrol the city from nine o'clock until morning drum-beat, and once each hour stand on a corner and bawl the time and state of the weather. No one volunteered to serve, and the project was abandoned. It was revived in 1658, during the agitation for better fire protection, and on October 4 of that year the city's first police force, of ten men, was sworn in. Each man was armed with a musket, a sword, and a pistol, and also carried a huge wooden rattle which he manipulated as he cried the hour and the weather.

The official name of this pioneer police department was the Rattle Watch, but the watchmen were soon dubbed the Prowlers by the disrespectful citizenry, who even in those early days were inclined to sniff at the minions of the law. Nevertheless, the force was efficient, and was gradually enlarged until within ten years the ears of the burghers were occasionally smitten by the noise of more than fifty rattles rattling in concert. The original ordinance of appointment instructed the members of the Rattle Watch to do police duty only and so literally did they obey that when an abandoned log house on the present site of the Aquarium was burned late in 1658, they failed to give the alarm, to the great indignation of the Councillors. Thereafter it became the duty of the watchmen to look out for fires, to whang their rattles only when it was necessary to get the citizens out of bed, to gather up the city's buckets when excited householders tossed them into the streets, to carry the receptacles to the scene of the conflagration, and to



It's playtime in Havana, now

No other city of this Continent so closely resembles Paris as Havana, with its Hippodrome, Gran Casino Nacional, "Jai Alai", beaches and night life; and no other store in Havana offers as rich a collection of French perfumes—costume jewelry—evening gowns—and linens from Spain and Italy as El Encanto, Cuba's largest and smartest department store.

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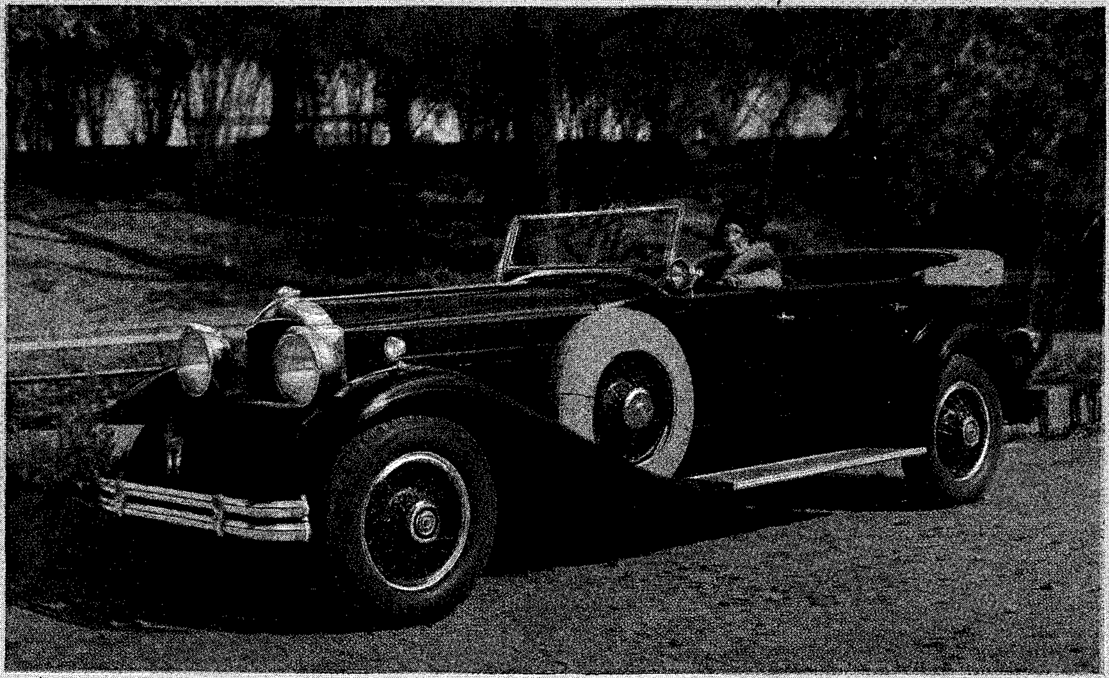

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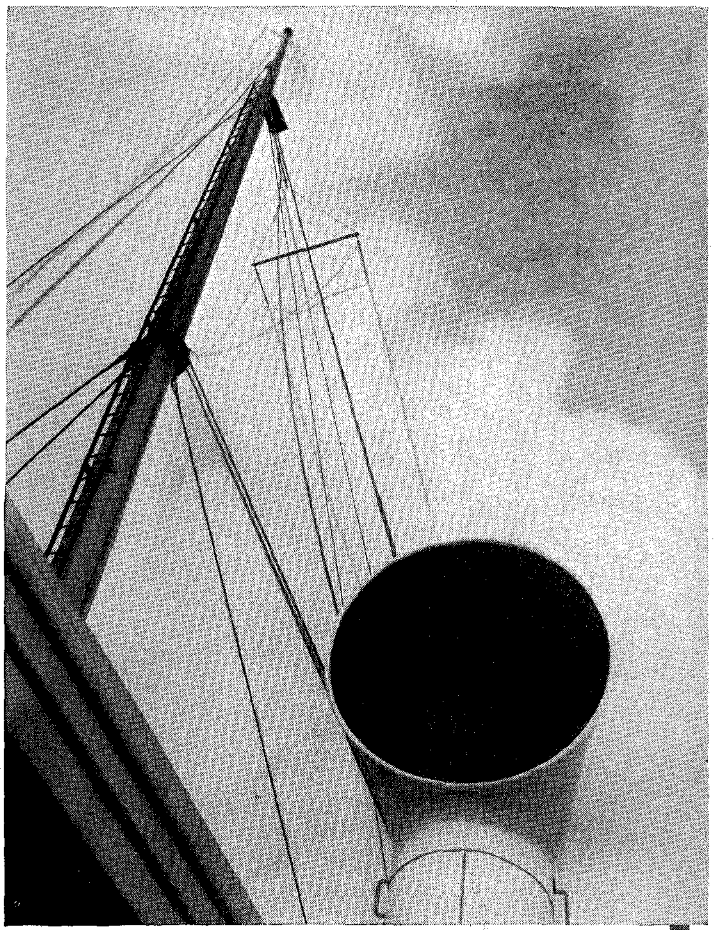
superintend the efforts of the people who formed in line to hurl water upon the flames. The Prowlers were thus not only New York's first police force, but its first fire company as well.

ENCOURAGED by the success of Remout Remoutzen and Adriaen Van Lair, other shoemakers began to manufacture fire buckets, and within a few years every householder in New Amsterdam possessed one or more. When the British renamed the city New York in 1674, laws were passed making ownership of fire buckets compulsory, and regulating their use and distribution. To assist the citizens in protecting their houses, New York's first official chimneysweep was appointed in 1685, and his rates fixed by law at a shilling and eighteenpence a chimney. In later years this office was filled by negro boys, who raced through the streets each day at dawn, crying:

Sweep ho!
Sweep ho!
From the bottom to the top,
Without a ladder or a rope!
Sweep ho!

One of the early colonial fire laws directed each citizen to fill three buckets with water after sunset, and place them on his doorstep for the use of the fire patrol. Another required ten buckets to be filled with water at the town pump "wen ye sun do go down," and left there so that the members of the Rattle Watch could get them quickly "if ye fyer does go further yan ye efforts of ye men and call for water." When a fire was discovered at night the watchmen immediately loosed the dreadful clamor of their rattles and ran helter-skelter about the city, banging upon doors and crying, "Throw out your buckets!" The alarm was also spread by the ringing of the bells in the fort and the churches, and when the inmates of a house were aroused their first act was to open a window and pitch buckets and pails into the street, if they possessed any



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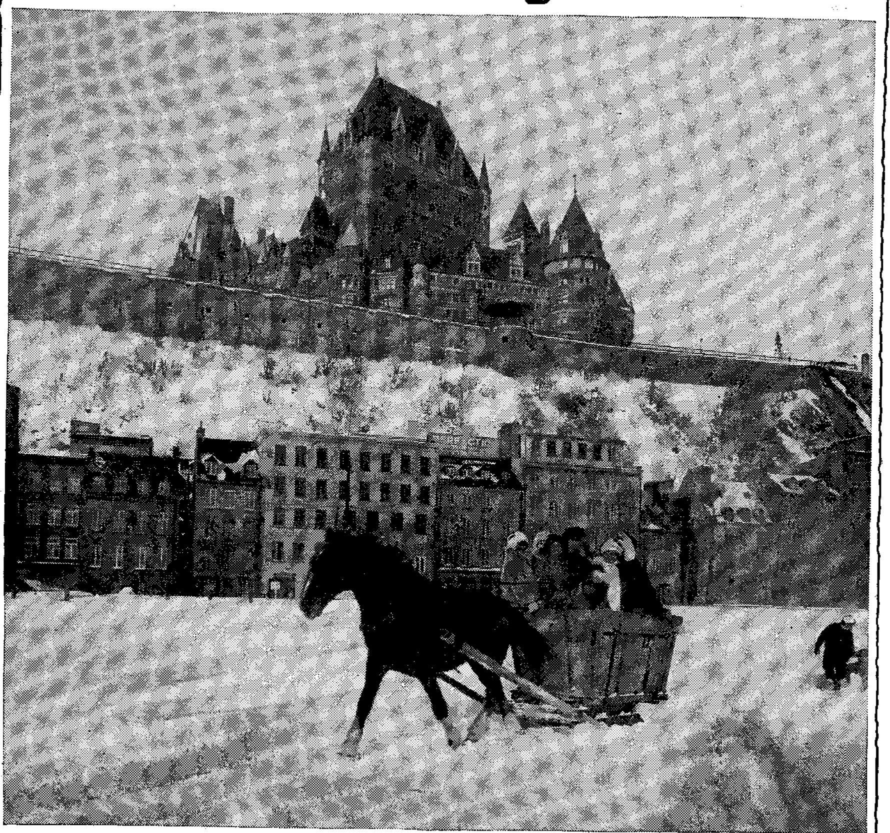

SLIP away Friday night. Lunch at the Chateau next day, high-hung above the frozen St. Lawrence. Ski, or skate, or toboggan, or sleigh-ride with rosy-cheeked winter playmates. Stay for the Ice Pageant, famous costume fête on skates. Worth seeing, that Ice Pageant...nothing like it anywhere this side of St. Moritz...a brilliant Québec society event...hundreds of skaters in dazzling spectacles...fancy skating by outstanding champions. Stay at the great, warm, gorgeous Chateau, castle of Wintersport Land ... it will give you the kind of holiday that puts zip into your work for the rest of the winter ...and all at the sacrifice of only two full working days for practically a week's vacation.

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besides the three which had already been filled with water and left on the stoop. Members of the Rattle Watch filled their arms with buckets and hastened to the fire, while others were carried by citizens who came running from all directions, every man shouting at the top of his voice. As soon as possible two lines of men and women (the women were also firemen in those days) were formed under the supervision of the Rattle Watch, to pass full buckets from the nearest well or pump, and hand the empty receptacles down to be filled. In the excitement most of the buckets were half-empty when they reached the flames, and the firemen and firewomen received most of the water upon their own persons. The Rattle Watch hovered about to keep any person from breaking through the bucket lines, and anyone who did was immediately doused with water and hauled off to jail.

When the fire had been extinguished, or the house destroyed, which more often happened, the buckets were collected by the Watch and taken to the Stadt Huys, and there thrown into a great heap in front of the building. A bellman went about the city to proclaim that the buckets were ready for delivery to their owners, and at the appointed time the town crier mounted a barrel and shouted lustily:

> Hear ye! O! I pray ye!
> Lord Masters claim your buckets!

The shrill yelp of the crier penetrated to the farthest limits of the city, and was the signal for the citizens to fall upon the pile of buckets and attempt to extricate their own.

The bucket method of fighting fires proved fairly efficient, and with approximately eight hundred houses, a population of more than three thousand, a fire department, and a police force that showed no mercy to evildoers and was capable of making more noise than any similar body of men on the American continent, New York considered that it had begun to grow up, and the records of the period contain many boastful accounts of its beauties and conveniences.

—HERBERT ASBURY

(*This is the first of a series of articles on the history of fire-fighting in New York.*)

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Mr. and Mrs. Dan Emmett will motor to Los Angeles tomorrow to spend today.—*Santa Paula (Cal.) Times.*

With Leslie Howard?

MUSICAL EVENTS

Something Else in American Operas — Itinerant Composers From Russia

AFTER devoting its energies principally to "Faust," "Carmen," "Madame Butterfly," and "The Marriage of Figaro," the American Opera Company has brought to town a native work bearing the somewhat unpromising title, "Yolanda of Cyprus." It is a setting by Clarence E. Loomis of a poetic drama by Cale Young Rice, and Mr. Rosing has produced it to the hilt. Into a series of economically conceived and imaginative scenes by Robert Edmond Jones he has dropped a succession of lovely stage pictures, and he has paced his action so that every possible drop of interest has been wrung out for the benefit of the consumers.

Having at one time done a few chores for the American Opera Company, I am reasonably conversant with the difficulties which beset this organization, and I take it for granted that "Yolanda of Cyprus" was the best of the hitherto unperformed native offerings available for its purposes. There may be complaints that the Company could have found a more fortunate lyric drama for its first exploitation of American music; and yet I know that there were many worse ones pressed upon Mr. Rosing. "Yolanda" is not bad, even if it could have been a great deal better.

MR. LOOMIS seems to be a composer of skill, and with a definite feeling for the stage. He provides appropriate moods for the story which Mr. Rice devised some twenty-five years ago, but the weakness—and it seems to me to be fundamental—lies in the actual setting of the words. Without even suggesting a comparison, it is noted that the method is that of "L'Amore dei Tre Re." There are no recognizable arias, unless one may so designate a short stretch for the soprano in the first act. The orchestra has most of the music, and the singers have the words. There is little that one can hum, which is a handicap for any opera that seeks general popularity, but only a confirmed foot-tapper would hold this

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against "Yolanda." The trouble with the composition is that too frequently the words are crowded to the point of unintelligibility (for which many observers mistakenly spank the diction), and at other times syllables are stretched beyond their natural resilience. Consequently, the dramatic stress of the text and the musical emphasis fail to hang together, and, as Papa Franklin remarked, they are hanged separately.

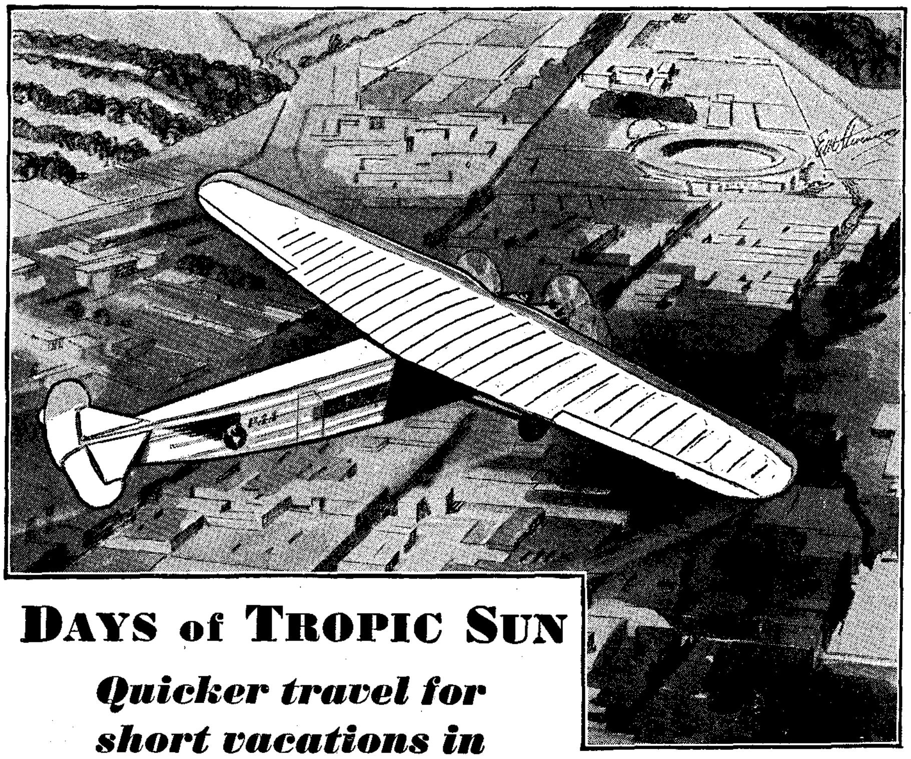
The story itself is sound operatic stuff. To save Queen Bérengère from the consequences of a sentimental episode with the Baron, Yolanda permits herself to be discovered in her place. She is therefore compelled to sacrifice the love of Amaury, son of the King, and to marry Camarin, the Queen's wenchman. The Queen is reported dead, but comes to life in time to confess her sin; Amaury kills Camarin, and the lovers are reassembled for the finale.

All of this is told in romantic verse of the sort which is familiar to readers of Mr. Rice's poetry. Undoubtedly some necessary explanatory scenes were elided to condense the play for libretto uses, as the opening scenes are not too lucid. In the second act, the story rights itself, and all is merry as a funeral bell. The sum total, text and music, is not highly distinguished, but at least it is done with craftsmanship—saving the clumsiness in verbal treatment—and not without a certain power.

Mr. Rosing's singers did well by "Yolanda," and the opera also served to demonstrate the unusual gifts of Charles Kullman, a newcomer who may be recalled as the hero of "Xerxes," when that Handelian masterpiece was resurrected in Northampton. A new director, Isaac Van Grove, managed the tricky score with enthusiastic discretion, and the orchestra was an unbelievable improvement over the aggregation that labored for the Americans at the Gallo Theatre two years ago.

By the way, the Company expects to conclude its *stagione* at the Casino Theatre this week, and if you never have heard or seen its productions, you won't regret a visit.

THERE is a steady invasion of Russian composers under way. Alexander Glazounow has conducted his own works at a special concert, and he may be seen bowing to applause at many others. He is, I fancy, the "good



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PAA

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PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

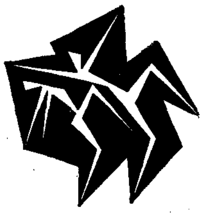
old man" of Russian music, with sane, melodic, and workmanlike compositions to beguile us. Serge Prokofieff, returned after several seasons, is traditionally one of the bad boys. Actually, he is no more a bad boy than Glazounow, but he delights in tricking out rather ordinary notions with quaint discords. His program of piano music may have done an injustice to the composer, because he didn't mind hitting a few wrong notes at important places. This concert, however, produced two new songs, charmingly sung by Mme. Koshetz, without whom no Russian composer's show is complete. The "Popular Song" called "Lament," simply harmonized, bowled over the Town Hall audience, and it probably will be snapped up by every recitalist who heard it.

Next: Nicholas Medtner.

AMONG the recent recitalists, a débutant from England, Keith Falkner, must be noted for his straightforward and well-considered *lieder*-singing. Yehudi Menuhin, relieved of the plush trimmings of the prodigy, came into his own as a mature violinist; and the Musical Art Quartet held another of its gracious chamber-music *soirées*, in which it went modern momentarily with a confection by one Salazar, no doubt to demonstrate the unreasonableness of departing far from Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert in quest of quartet material. —R. A. S.

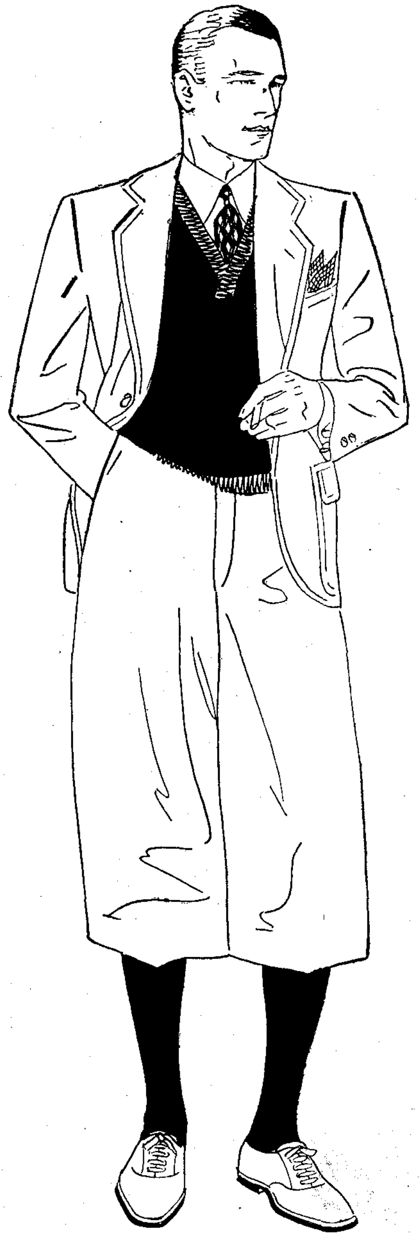
ON WITH THE DANCERS

Introducing the Dance Repertory Theatre



EVIDENTLY the cheesecloth era in dancing has passed, along with the pirouette epoch. Our dancers of today are notable for the minimum of dancing in which they indulge. Their performances have become attempts at drama-*in-petto*, with almost no display of terpsichorean virtuosity. Dancing that *is* dancing does not really exist on the stage that devotes itself to the inchoate form known as "the dance." (This is to be pronounced as if it were a sacred matter, or at least one not totally intelligible to the laity.)

There seem to be four divisions of the art. The first does not concern the folk who crowd theatres of Sundays to see a soloist afoot. It is the art



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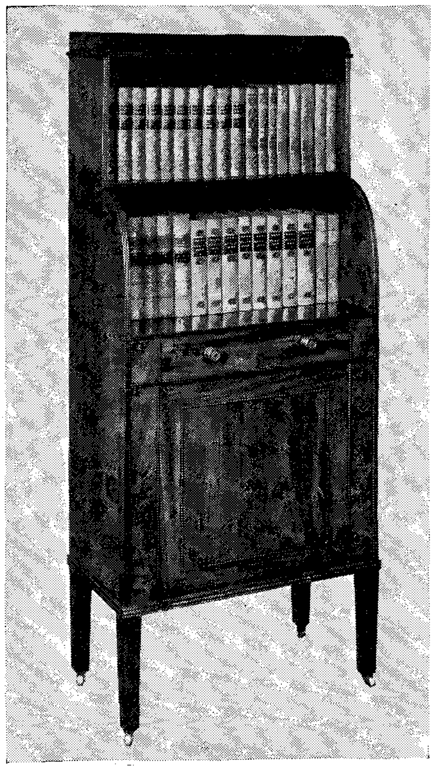
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practiced by such as Jack Donahue, Bill Robinson, the Astaires, and other valuable personalities who are on view only in musical shows, and consequently have no aesthetic status whatsoever. The second is the pictorial style, which has been brought to its most ingratiating development by Angna Enters. Miss Enters, in fact, depends little on the technique of rhythmic movement. She is to pantomime what Ruth Draper is to the monologue. Music sets the scene, and Miss Enters, with the aid of cleverly devised costumes, does the rest. Entertainment is her business; and she knows her business.

The third division and the fourth were exhibited at the week's showing of the Dance Repertory Theatre in the Maxine Elliott auditorium. Martha Graham, who does modernistic plastics, represented what I have designated in my crude manner as the third variety of current dancing. The music which she employs (or which employs her) runs to excerpts from Prokofieff, Hindemith, Honegger, Křenek, and other ultras of the concert platform. The costumery is more or less allegorical, and the poses, of which there is not, apparently, an unlimited variety, are intended to convey a state of mind in terms of the body, although Miss Graham goes in heavily for the uplifted eyes to complete her pictures. It is all economically worked out, usually sad or grim, and occasionally ironic, even if the irony is sometimes hard to distinguish from pathos or horror. The best feature of Miss Graham's work is a curious dimensional quality which she infuses into her evolutions, for the realization of which there will have to be more thorough lighting.

A fourth category might be called the neo-ballet school, demonstrated by Tamiris and the Doris Humphrey-

Charles Weidman combination. Tamiris has contemporary tastes in her music, but her dancing is patently an outgrowth of a ballet style, worked out along pictorial lines. It is all easy to follow, and vivacious to the point of rompishness. Miss Humphrey and Mr. Weidman once upon a time were ornaments of the Denishawn group and what they present now is not unrelated to their former efforts, but much more sophisticated. Here there is more of the familiar dancing technique than in the work of others, but there is the same striving to escape the conventions.

WELL, what of it? If you happen not to be in sympathy with the bodily expression of moods, music, or dramatic concepts, it all will seem like a lot of fussiness in which music is supplemented by something extraneous and dancing is reduced to posturing. If the form interests you, you will discover in the activities of the Dance Repertory Theatre, and those who are going in the same direction, a sincere endeavor to make of "the dance" an entity capable of standing on its own legs—and what legs some of them are!

—TERPSICHOREAN

•

SATURDAY NIGHT

The brownstone building;
The basement door;
The long, high bar
And the sawdust on the floor.

The sad stuffed pheasant;
The lager beer;
The moth-eaten head
Of a world-weary deer.

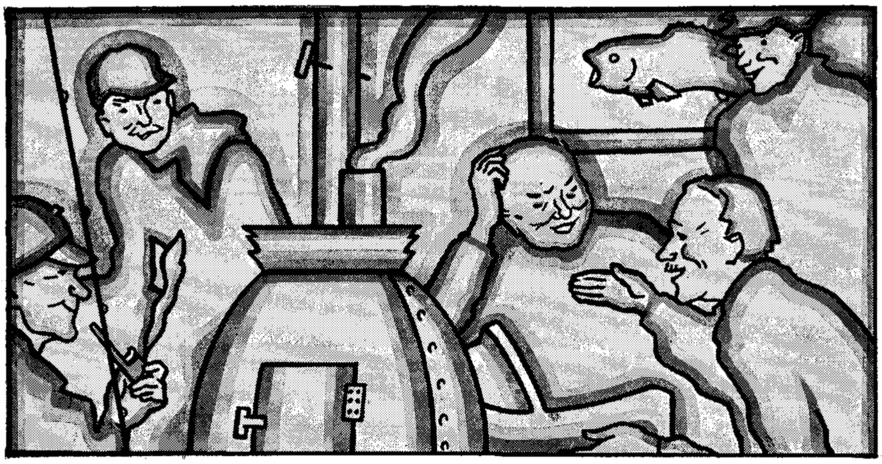
The whiskey sours;
The feet on the rail;
The dry Martinis
And the beer in a pail.

The man like an actor;
The man like a yegg;
"We make it ourselves
And age it in the keg."

The whiskey sours;
"I'll take mine straight."
The girl from Yonkers—
"It must be awful late."

"It's time we were stepping—
My money's all gone."
The ride on the subway
And the cold gray dawn.

—FRANCES PARK



STREAM-SIDE INFORMATION

Up in the salmon country, the guides are dressing flies, wrapping rods and swapping yarns—waiting for the ice to move. Our scouts are compiling stream-side information for the Anglers' Anticipatory Chapter of The Sportsmens Service Bureau. Our books are now open for desirable Spring fishing. Make your plans early; let us send you to the choicest waters correctly equipped and fully informed. Call or send for Brochure for Hunting or Fishing in any part of the world.

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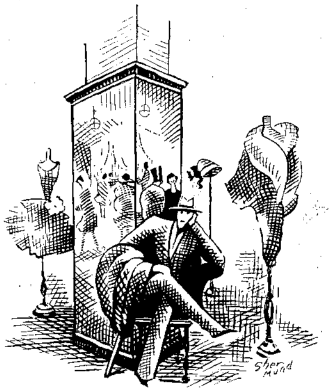
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



THE arrival of a new beauty salon in this town of ours is hardly a unique event in itself. Yet, despite the deadly sameness of most of them, there still remains in the bosoms of beauty editors the faintly flickering hope that some day one will turn out to have a glorious personality of its own. Such a one, I report with cheers, is the salon of Alexandra de Markoff, at 1 East Fifty-third Street.

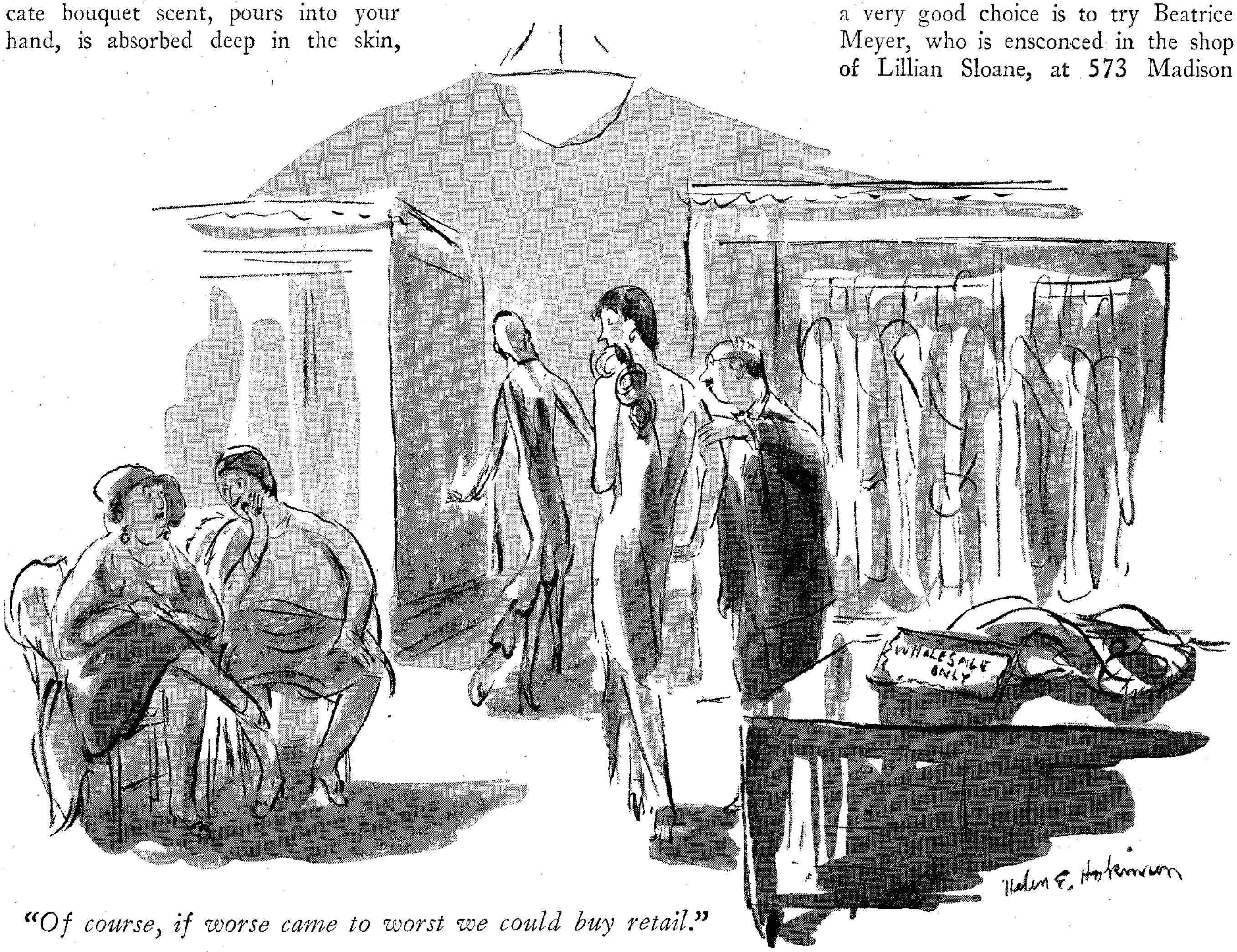
In the first place, the bottles and jars are perfectly swell—classic white porcelain, undefiled with stickers and labels, and having as the sole ornament the name of the maker written across them. In the second place, the products are so deliciously perfumed, and their consistency feels so luxurious, that the mere possession of them should take ten years off your apparent age. The cleansing cream, which has a delicate bouquet scent, pours into your hand, is absorbed deep in the skin, and cleans it without being in the least greasy. Then, the salon has a light tonic, with a rose perfume, to freshen and stimulate the skin; a skin food that is rich, practically edible, and has the only authentic jasmine odor yet sniffed by this department in the cream field; and, last of all, a liquid powder foundation with a base that makes your face powder cling, but does not clog the pores. After using them, three o'clock in the morning finds you still looking fresh, and those frantic dabs with a compact are less necessary than usual.

In the salon, which is very tiny for the time being, treatments are varied to your individual needs, and they are sheer delight. The products are already on sale at Franklin Simon, and will be all over town in a few weeks.

ALL cosmopolitan people undoubtedly know that perfumes cost anywhere from a third to a half less in Havana, though I wouldn't advise taking a trip solely on that account. However, if you chance to be there, the shop of El Encanto is highly recommended, not only for its extensive selection of perfumes but also for an exclusive little scent entitled Amour Espagnol. I was never one to go in for Latin exoticism myself, but this has a sort of golden scent that would be elegant on the right girl. It is understood, of course, that all of you will pay your duty like good citizens in case you don't use up all the perfume during your stay there.

WHILE we are on the subject of perfume, addicts should rush and try Jean Stuart's Gardenia on their escort of the moment. There is a ferny odor mixed in somewhere that keeps it from being sickeningly languorous, as so many Gardenias are. Catty women will turn pale with ill-concealed envy.

IF it is semiprecious jewelry, whether antique or modern, you are after, a very good choice is to try Beatrice Meyer, who is ensconced in the shop of Lillian Sloane, at 573 Madison



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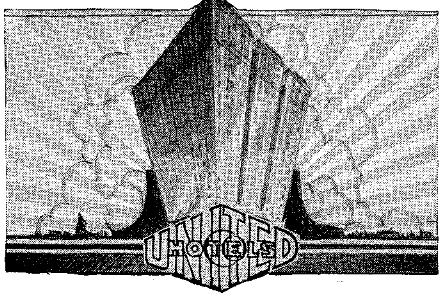

Avenue. In the first place, Miss Meyer is still making a marvellous crystal-gazer's ring which, though it costs but twenty-two dollars, has a translucent quality that has a way of arousing the curiosity of beholders. It is merely a small crystal ball set in two circles of silver, but the effect is mystic and elegant. Also, Miss Meyer is showing a number of old pieces of jewelry that were formerly the property of Sarah Bernhardt and Empress Eugénie. Many of them appear in portraits of these ladies, in case you doubt their authenticity. Elaborate, theatrical, and colorful to the extreme, their appearance alone would make them grand for many types, even without their historic interest. Aside from these, you will find every type of semiprecious stone here—not only the familiar turquoise and coral, and suchlike, but also pink sapphires, adventurine (a cloudy, dark green Indian jade) scarabs in different colors—connected with gold chains to form a necklace that brings all kinds of luck—old Chinese buckles, and other rarities.

FOR Palm Beach, Franklin Simon show lots of dresses of a dull shirting silk with a vague satin stripe here and there, and in colors that will make your mouth water. Most of them have short sleeves, shirt-front bosoms with buttons down them, and a tailored air of informality and chic. Patch pockets are also much in evidence. The majority of the models that used to be classified by the blanket term "tennis dresses" are high-backed this year; the sleeveless idea has given place to the short-sleeved mode (often with sleeveless jackets over it) and the skirts are longer, though they are not eccentric or conspicuous about it. There is a grand tennis dress that ties at the sides in an adjustable way; and also some dresses or suits of aquamarine shantung (they come in other colors, but aquamarine is my favorite) with yokes, buttons down them, a monogram over the heart or on the pocket, and an appealing price of $39.50. There is also a dandy dress of that cotton crash tweed, with wide-wale piqué collars and cuffs on the short sleeves, and a windbreaker effect to the jumper.

And, if it is bathing suits you are after, for lounging about, look at some with shorts of white wide-wale piqué and tuck-in tops of handkerchief linen in a color. What they would look like in the water is beyond my imagination, but they would be superb on the beach. —L. L.

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THE SKY LINE

A Midwinter Renaissance —Inside the New Yorker —No Battlements

IN the *ateliers* of our Beaux Arts architects, practically all serious office work has been at a standstill for some time, pending the annual ball of the Society, scheduled for January 24—and early sections of January 25—at the Hotel Astor.

The period chosen for this year's festival is the Renaissance, which gives ample opportunity for dressing up, all the way from the gorgeousness of Lorenzo the Magnificent to the simple and economical habit of a mendicant friar. The decoration of the various rooms will be designed by James M. Hewlett, and the master of the pageant is to be Philip Cusachs. Ernest Peixotto, who heads the costume committee, will be assisted at the function by an imposing flock of architects dressed as the Medici Guard, whose duty will be to throw out all interlopers in dress suits and policemen's uniforms.

HAVING examined and reported on the exterior of the huge New Yorker Hotel, designed by Sugarman & Berger, we felt it our duty to inspect the interiors. Here, we must confess, we were a little bewildered by what struck us as a rather confused application of modern motifs. This applies especially to the main lobby, where several different scales of ornament are used and where the decorative ceiling panels, representing historical phases of Manhattan, in no way reflect the modern spirit. Elsewhere the decorative scheme is more coherent and composed. The Grill Room and the Terrace Room (as the main dining-room is called) are kept more or less in a single key, with pale gold and silver used effectively. We liked, too, the murals in the Ball Room, for they are suitably gay.

We hate to end on a note of sadness, but we must deplore the bright red panels in the floor coverings of the Banquet Room, which considerably disturb an otherwise harmonious ensemble. However, perhaps a few rousing banquets will tone them down.

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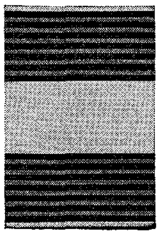

Street, there is always some sort of exhibition going on. One of the most ingratiating has been the little show of the National Architectural Fraternity, at which we looked over a number of delightful sketches in water color and pencil, the result of vacation trips hither and yon.

Among the water-colorists, we enjoyed the fresh transcriptions by Cass Gilbert of such engaging subjects as the William the Conqueror Inn, at Dives, and the graceful towers of Carcassonne. One may reasonably assume that this practice of sketching in the open and on the spot had much to do with the picturesqueness of the Woolworth Building and the gargoyled tower of the New York Life.

Straight pencil work holds great charm for us, and we lingered over the vigorous sketches of Ralph Fanning, George Ferrenz, W. Bonsall, and E. V. Gauger. Our own blue ribbon, however, would go to Franklin Scott, whose tiny drawings seemed to say everything briefly, delicately, and yet with entire adequacy.

ONE of the simplest, and to our mind best, of the new structures now nearing completion is the Daily News Building, in East Forty-second Street. This design, the work of John M. Howells and Raymond M. Hood, is simplicity itself. Nothing quite so unadorned has met our eye before; it is absolutely devoid of any sculptural ornament. Indeed, Mr. Hood told us that as he studied the problem he could think of no conceivable place where ornament would be possible. As a result, the piers and window openings were carried straight up in unbroken lines. When they stop, they stop; with no indication of cornice or battlement.

This absence of battlements is positively refreshing, for the battlement, as a terminal treatment, has threatened to become, and in too many instances has become, as silly as our ancient cornices. The success of the News Building lies in the powerful rhythm of its masses and in the subtle color gradations of the brickwork, which give an airy lightness to the huge structure. —T-SQUARE

•

EAT at the East Side Cafe. You'll be surprised at the quality of cooking and vice you get there.—*Adv. in the Selma (Ala.) Reporter.*

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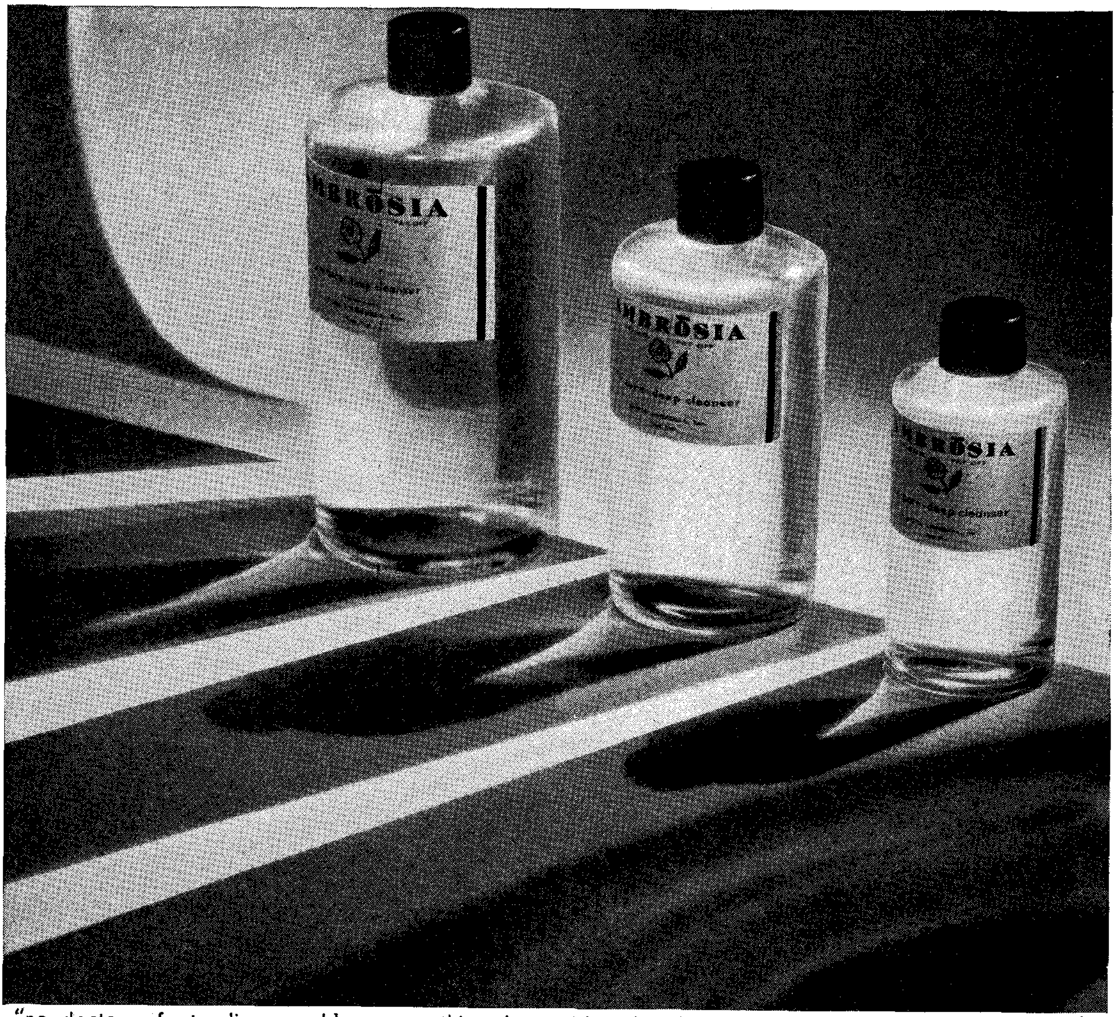

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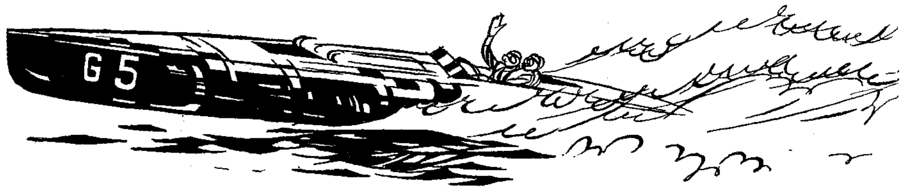

THE MOTOR BOAT SHOW

Hybrids at Sea—Floating Country Clubs — Outboards for the Novice

THE bulk of the exhibits in this year's Motor Boat Show—now on at the Grand Central Palace—we, for one, consider rather naïve. There is so much to-do about self-starters, exhaust mufflers, automatic bilge pumps, lighting systems, gear-shift engines. They are all quite welcome, but scarcely very original. Moreover, the motor-boat people, in addition to having been not a little dilatory in gleaning these mechanical improvements from the automobile, have done some rather silly borrowing of car-body designs. There has been too much of a tendency—except in a few sensible houses—to slap on a windshield here, a sedan top there, without adapting these to their new purposes. The result is that many of the new boats are less unified in appearance than they would be if they had been built in the traditional styles. The closed automobile is unavoidably a compromise in design—a passenger box on top of wheels. Since a boat has its hull under water, it is possible to give it perfect contours, and the practice of bringing motor-car lines into this field results in a mixed architecture which is neither effective nor very useful.

ON the more expensive yachts, such as the Elco, A.C.F., and other standard makes, traditional sea lines have been preserved. Chris-Craft offers a smart 48-footer for $35,000; the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation has a large double-cabin affair in an attractive design; Dauntless shows a distinguished ship with bronze and copper fittings, all ready to go to sea; while the Matthews 46-footer, with an all-enclosed bridge-deck, looks like a commodious and tasteful floating country club. The new Dawn "48" is another of the impressive craft. Equipped with twin Sterling motors, it sells for $23,800, and may be seen at Clason Point as well as at the Palace.

CONSIDERABLE effort is now being made to interest those who have neither the time nor the inclination for high-priced ships. Richardson is displaying an entertaining Cruiseabout, at $4,185, which is a good craft for family people, as there is an entirely separate cabin where children may be deposited in safety after dark. Chris-Craft's cruisers are all equipped with Oberdorfer automatic pumps, so that a party will never be delayed by waiting for the boat to be bailed out. The Banfield cruiser is among the best-tailored, with its clapboard sides and old-style cabin. Johnson's Sea Skiff cruiser is in the larger class, a 38-footer, and has full-length mirrors in the cabin, as well as sizable closets. Matthews exhibits a line of cruisers for from $6,850 to $15,500. We like the prow of the Robinson 39-footer, which has been designed with verve; and the Playmate Sedan-Cruiser shows that the use of the word "sedan" need not be discouraging, for this craft has a cabin of the traditional type, done in indisputable taste.

IN the runabout class there is a whole fleet of makers. Gar Wood, of course, has specialized in speed, and you can pay anything, from a moderate price up, depending on how fussy you are about the number of knots you make per hour.

Quite a few of the runabout makers have done pretty well with design, adapting the windshield to its new surroundings by making the angle very acute, and molding the glass to conform with the lines of the boat. The Dee Wite 19-footer is a good example. Hackercraft has a fast ship with a twin Kermath engine, selling at $5,500. The George F. Crouch harpoon boats (built by Pratt, Read & Company), the Dodge 25-footer shaped like a pike, the Banfield, the North Star, and the Dart are among the neatest at the Show. Howard W. Lyon's Sea Lyons are also free from gimcrackery in the superstructure. And, as in previous years, a full line of skimmer types are being exhibited by Sea Sled and other houses.

The choice of building materials seems to have come in for a good bit of thought. Mahogany has held sway for

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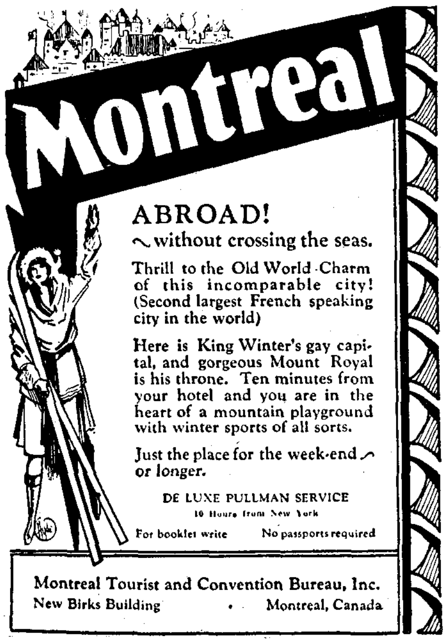

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some years, but one notes a certain variation in recent construction. Johnson's Sea Horse models are seamless, Mullins uses steel, and Banfield employs Philippine mahogany planking, with steam-bent whitewood frames running continuously from gunwale to gunwale.

Runabouts are giving more satisfaction in their engine-rooms too, where, in the past, there has been some reason for reproof. We note that a number of companies are employing down-draft carburetors, a policy advocated early in the game by Scripps. Chrysler is an exponent of gear-reduction, which simply means that the propeller will turn over much more rapidly than the engine.

THERE'S a good deal to be said on behalf of outboards as an easy way for landlubbers to sample yachting. One may buy the smallest Johnson, which weighs but twenty-seven pounds, add a collapsible rowboat, and take the combination for an automobile ride. After an experimental run on some lake you can tell whether you were made for that sort of thing.

Johnson also has some grown-up outboards. The new two-cylinder model fires alternately, as in an automobile engine, instead of shooting both barrels at once the way it used to. Imagine! Goes faster and with a smoother put-put. Also, the underwater exhaust has been redesigned so as not to cramp the turning radius. The Evinrude-Elto-Lockwood and the Caille Red Heads are now equipped with electric starters. The Indian Motorcycle Company has entered the outboard field; and Chase-Emerson have put out a $995 16-footer, with a Van Blerck, Jr., motor, that is particularly good-looking.

All in all, the 1930 models go far toward making water sports enjoyable without too much work.

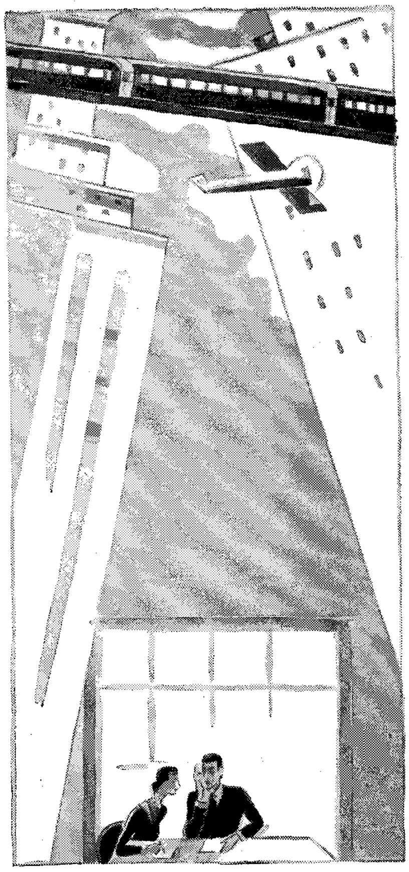
—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

WOMAN WISH

I had a fellow countryman
Who dwelt alone in Astrakhan,
And dealt in turnips, silver-white
As full-grown moons of Asian night.
I might have dealt in turnips too.
It was a simple thing to do—
But O, the sea was very green!
And now, I wish I'd never seen
The cities far from Astrakhan
Where dwelt my fellow countryman.

—SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK



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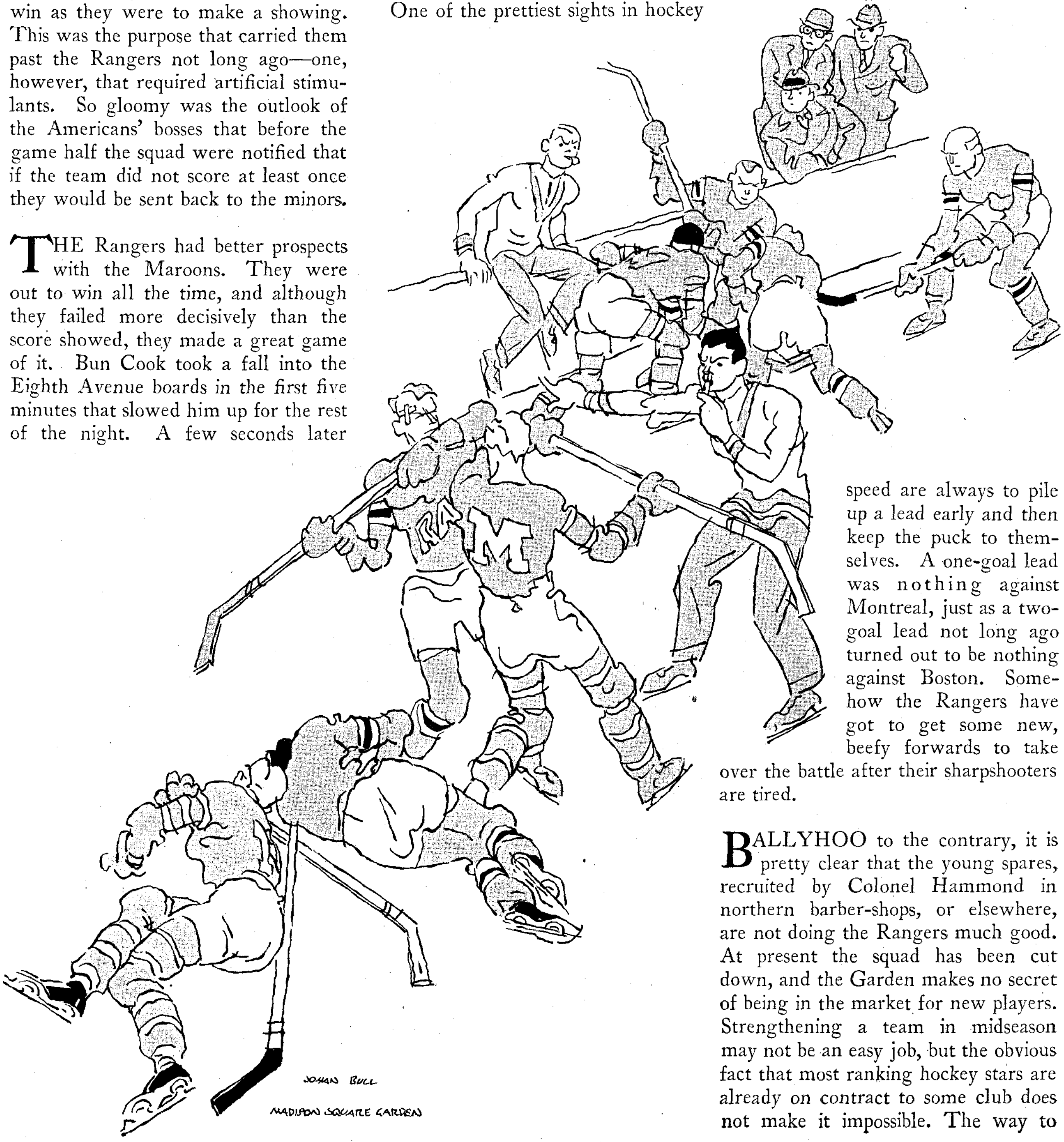
HOCKEY

Jujutsu and an Ultimatum—The Maroons in the Garden—Mr. Strachan of Montreal

AGAINST a bone-breaking team like the Maroons, it is natural to expect that the light, fast Rangers will do better—even discounting their superior standing in the league—than the Americans. Dwyer's men play the same kind of fighting hockey as the Maroons themselves, but on a less effective scale, having less muscle. Getting ready for the game this week, they were not as anxious to win as they were to make a showing. This was the purpose that carried them past the Rangers not long ago—one, however, that required artificial stimulants. So gloomy was the outlook of the Americans' bosses that before the game half the squad were notified that if the team did not score at least once they would be sent back to the minors.

THE Rangers had better prospects with the Maroons. They were out to win all the time, and although they failed more decisively than the score showed, they made a great game of it. Bun Cook took a fall into the Eighth Avenue boards in the first five minutes that slowed him up for the rest of the night. A few seconds later Stewart's stick cut a gash over Bill Cook's eye. Ralph Taylor, a new spare from the Chicago Blackhawks who had joined the team the night before, was getting under the big Maroon forwards as though he found them easy. As for the Maroons, they were stepping so fast that once Siebert accidentally cross-checked his teammate Dutton, and Ward, the only quiet fellow on the squad, served two penalties.

One of the prettiest sights in hockey is slender Frank Boucher throwing over his back some two-hundred-pound opponent like Munro or one of the fat and rowdy Phillipses. A centre should not have to do much checking, but when the occasion arises Boucher checks with the artistry of a jujutsu expert. He had plenty to do that night. Against heavier opponents, the tactics of a team that depends on speed are always to pile up a lead early and then keep the puck to themselves. A one-goal lead was nothing against Montreal, just as a two-goal lead not long ago turned out to be nothing against Boston. Somehow the Rangers have got to get some new, beefy forwards to take over the battle after their sharpshooters are tired.



BALLYHOO to the contrary, it is pretty clear that the young spares, recruited by Colonel Hammond in northern barber-shops, or elsewhere, are not doing the Rangers much good. At present the squad has been cut down, and the Garden makes no secret of being in the market for new players. Strengthening a team in midseason may not be an easy job, but the obvious fact that most ranking hockey stars are already on contract to some club does not make it impossible. The way to

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As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

GEORGE GERSHWIN:

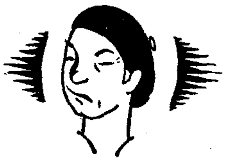
George Gershwin

Spring chicken is spring chicken. But "Spring Chicken Sauté Murengo à la Reubens" is a culinary delight, which might well serve as inspiration for a new Rhapsodic thesis for the one and only George Gershwin. "What a Spring Chicken Thinks About Inside an American Gentleman" could be its characteristically terse Gershwinian title.

IRENE DELROY:

Irene Delroy

Those of Mr. Reuben's public who have partaken of his chef's garden spinach creamed au gratin with poached eggs will know how supremely mouth-melting a simple dish can be when an artist prepares it. It's like seeing some-one do a dance routine and then having Irene (Top Speed) Delroy come along and really show you how it should be done.



BERT LAHR:

"Some Fun Heh Kid"
Bert Lahr

Not since Bert Lahr got that stuff (Schnitzelputzel, was it?) in Hold Everything has he consumed anything that resulted in so much delight (to himself, this time) as Reuben's Chicken Tamale.

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procure professional hockey players is to buy them. They are for sale. James Strachan of Montreal, who owns a chain of bakeries, a kennel of prize-winning terriers, and heads the syndicate that owns the Maroons, has proved this. He could not buy Ace Bailey because sentiment for Bailey is so strong in Toronto that if he left the club the Mutual Street rink would go out of business, but no one can say that Strachan didn't try for Bailey. He offered fifty thousand dollars for him. He got hold of Trottier in spite of the Montreal tradition to the effect that any good player with a French name belongs on the Canadiens. When Dunc Munro, who was born in Scotland and has saved more money than any other hockey player, demanded a salary that seemed excessive, Strachan got him anyway. He kept Munro happy by giving him the program concession in his rink and starting him in the bond business. From the Toronto municipal rinks and the sand-lot lacrosse leagues he got Hooley Smith, the toughest man in the league; he paid a pretty penny for Babe Siebert, whose black cap, in the Ranger game, covered the cuts the Blackhawks had given him a few nights before when they cornered him behind their net. When Benedict, after nineteen years of goal-tending, was forced out by the new rules, Strachan got Flat Walsh to replace him. Possibly the Rangers need a James Strachan. —N. B., Jr.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Sunday Times*]

BY W. S. KNUDSEN
President, Chevrolet Motor Company.

In considering the prospects for 1930, I take an optimistic point of view.

BY JAMES A. BOHANNON
President, Peerless Motor Car Corporation.

I am very optimistic concerning the welfare of the motor car industry for the present year.

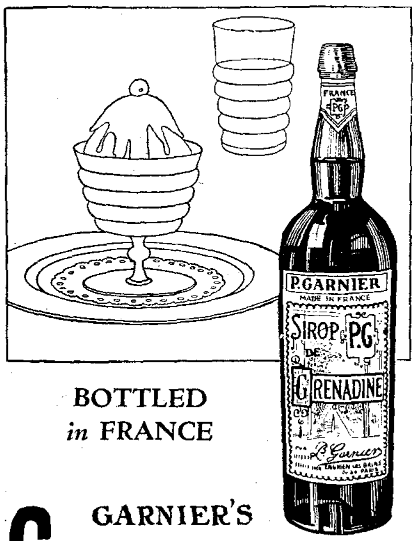
BY A. R. GLANCY
President, Oakland Motor Car Corporation.

Conservative optimism rather accurately describes my views on the prospects for American business during the year 1930.

BY DU BOIS YOUNG
President, Hupp Motor Car Corporation.

While I am opposed to making predictions as to future prosperity, over which we have no control, I am always free to declare my firm belief in the inherent soundness of American industry.

You fellows took the words right out of our mouth.



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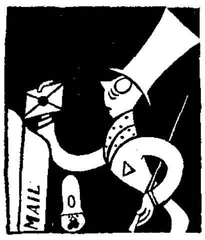
LONDON LETTER

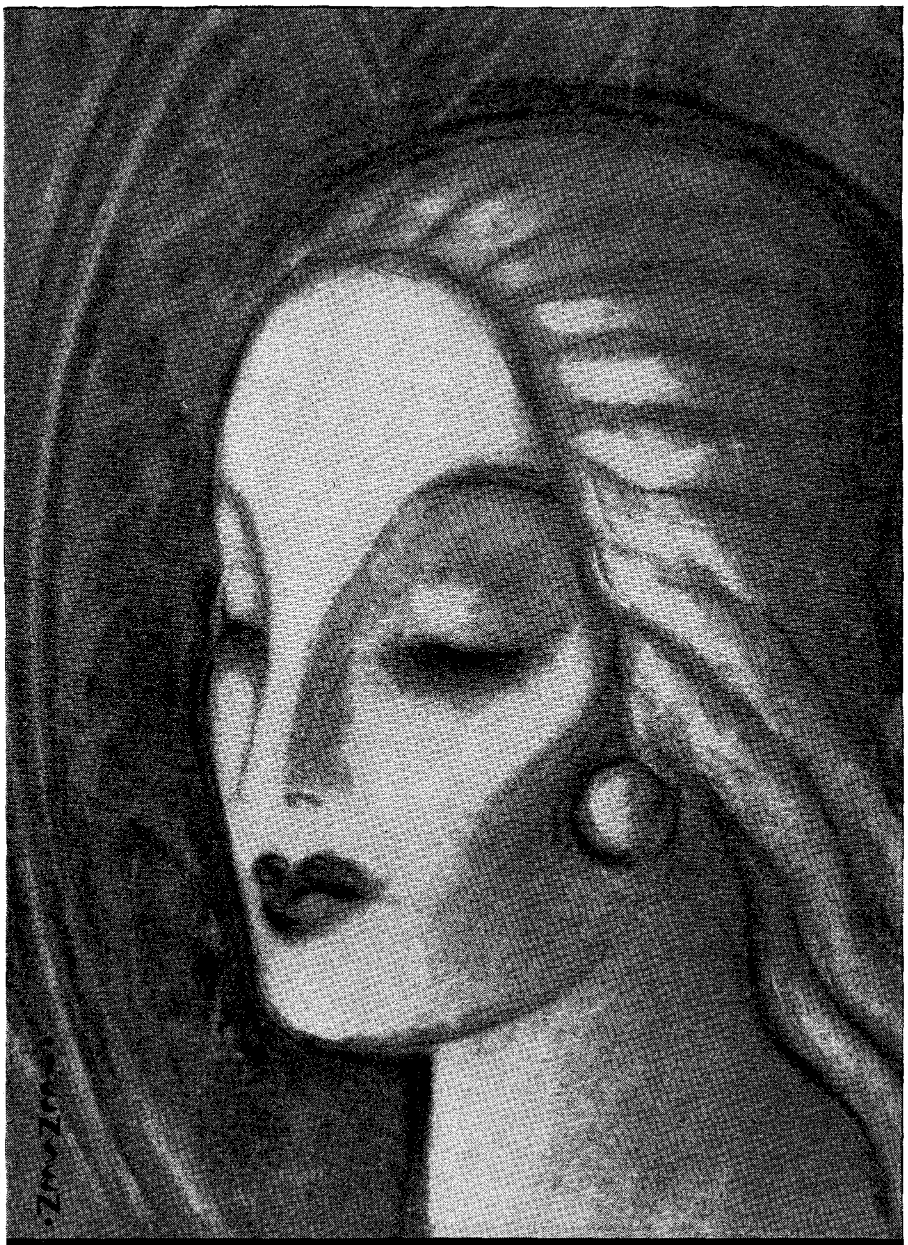
LONDON, JAN. 8



THE man with the red flag who was required by law to walk in front of every horseless carriage disappeared from our roads in 1904. Ever since then each car-owner challenged by a country policeman expressed the utmost astonishment at learning that there was a speed limit of twenty miles an hour. The Government is now planning to make away with this, and a chorus of anxious disapproval wells from the ranks of motorists. The old speed limit had a lot to be said for it; it is always agreeable to break the law. If one had the bad luck to be stopped, and the magistrate was rheumatic, or a little money was wanted for a new police orphanage, the remedy was simple. One paid one's pound with as good a grace as possible and went gaily on one's way. When, however, one may drive as fast as one likes, half the joy of speeding will be gone forever—and in addition, the penalty for "dangerous driving" is to be no less than a sentence of three months' imprisonment.

G. B. STERN has been busy casting the New York production of "The Matriarch," and so far the most important decision is that Constance Collier shall play the leading part. In my humble opinion "Tents of Israel," on which Miss Stern has founded her play, did for the Jews what "The Forsyte Saga" did for the far less interesting English middle class. And Miss Collier should have the part of her life. Mrs. Patrick Campbell played the Matriarch here, giving a performance about ninety-five-per-cent Campbell to five-per-cent Stern. Miss Stern seems a timid person. I gather she spent most of the rehearsals hiding from Mrs. Pat Campbell in the gallery, and by the same token she will wait a fortnight after the New York production to see which way the cat jumps before coming over to take the cry of "Author."

IF you follow the Thames Embankment east as far as you can go, you come to the depressing neighborhood of Blackfriars. It is here that seamen



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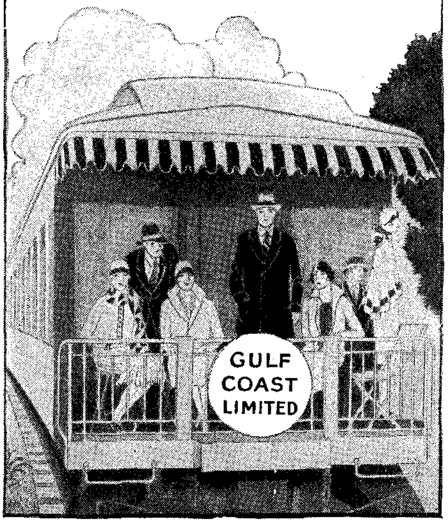

and Oxford undergraduates in search of adventure repair under cover of night to a place called the Ring, famous in the annals of the black art of pugilism. It is an old, octagonal building, made that way, it is said, so that the devil might never find a corner to hide in. Here many a sailor has offered to take on all comers for a purse subscribed by the sportsmen present, and many a future champion has put his foot on the first rung by answering that call. Alas, the Ring is to be made respectable, with a dance floor, a soda fountain, and palm trees in pots. It is to be completely circular, so that not even a furtive pugilist may lurk in a recess. There are compensations, though. Immediately opposite, the old Surrey Theatre is to be reopened after all these years. Until 1918, when it was partly destroyed by fire, its pantomimes rivalled those of Drury Lane, and its patrons applauded (and booed) the less discreet stars of variety—George Formby, Victoria Monks, and, in particular, poor Marie Lloyd. Marie Lloyd was an actress to the end. She died suddenly, and I remember her funeral, with her empty limousine following the coffin, a rug thrown carelessly across the seat, just as she left it. The Surrey was first opened as a theatre in 1782, when it was called the Royal Circus. Theatres change hands so bewilderingly these days that it may be encouraging to know that its site has been in the hands of the same family since 1346.

TEN thousand superior persons have already attended the Italian Exhibition in Burlington House. Whatever one may think of Italian art, one must bow down before the fact that this is undoubtedly the most expensive collection ever gathered under one roof. There was, too, the proper dictatorial gesture about Mussolini's commanding the good ship Leonardo da Vinci to transport the treasures to London.

Not all these paintings came from Italy, however. Spain, King George, and the Irish Free State have all contributed. In the library of Windsor Castle they have no less than a thousand original drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. If you make application to the Dean, he may arrange to let you see them. They are well worth it. —A. G.

•

HOOVER DINES WITH GUSTO—*Headline in the Westerby (Minn.) Review.*

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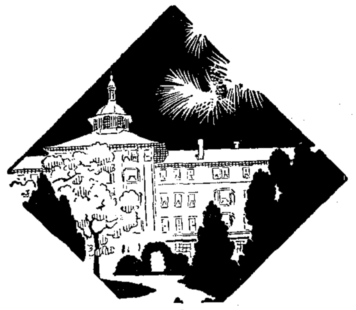

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fast and Funny—Glorifying Mr. Ziegfeld——The Old Russia

THERE is a good deal of humor and merriment in William Haines' new picture, "Navy Blues;" also, to be sure, some stretches of a more conventional sentimental nature. In the movies the *grande passion* still savors of the sob ballad of the eighties.

In this film William Haines is a youthful and exuberant gob who is compelled, with his shipmates, to attend a dinner at the Ladies' Uplift, a perfect situation to display all that impertinent and "fresh" vitality which William Haines can inject into his impersonations. It must be said of this young man that he does not seem to age. His exuberance sweeps the picture on, even during those scenes of lofty sentiment. Several times I feared that the story would sag to allow this hilarious sailor a few moments of lyric reflection, but always—until, of course, the purely formula finale—it was saved instead by some trivial ribaldry.

I don't mean to imply that "Navy Blues" is any great comedy creation, nor even one of the big pictures of the season, but it does stand out among contemporaneous productions as a fast and funny film. Aside from the party at the Ladies' Uplift there are droll moments in the little home of the girl and her parents, especially reinforced by the excellent acting of J. C. Nugent as the quavering old father. The girl is one of those types that could be appreciated only by some gallant of the old days of ballads.

THERE is one trick employed by the makers of movies which stirs in me a certain sulkiness. It is their stunt of announcing prominent, assured talent as a feature in a picture, and then giving us a long, very mediocre film with a momentary glimpse of the celebrities at the end. "Glorifying the American Girl" is not the most flagrant example of this that I have seen, for after the long, commonplace film has wound on for some time there are what might be called "shorts" of Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallée, and Eddie Can-

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tor. Also, there are scenes (in color) of the "Follies," in the grand manner of Ziegfeld. The major course of the picture, however, is trite and ordinary.

The movie opens with a big blare of fancy photography, indicating that from all over the country—and why not the world, I don't know—young women are packing their valises and tripping to New York with Mr. Ziegfeld in mind. After this trumpeting, we settle down to the familiar ascent of the young girl (Mary Eaton in this case) from the sheet-music department of the big store, through the dilemmas of small-time vaudeville, to the ultimate glorification of Mr. Ziegfeld's headdresses and bangles—or whatever his costumes are. A sombre surprise is introduced by the love interest—personified in the aquiline repose of Edward Crandall—in that the hero marries another girl. There seems to be a hint that glorification and marriage are not synonymous. I suppose there is a little lesson for us in every movie.

IF you chance to see "Her Private Affair," which opened at the Colony, you may forgive its very old, moss-covered situation for the sake of Ann Harding's pretty blondeness and her smooth performance. It's the old story of blackmail leading to a murder. And who should do this murder but the wife of the judge? You know what that means in trial scenes and boudoir scenes. Ann Harding, however, does a great deal to rejuvenate the whole story.

NOW and again the small houses rake out of the attic that old short picture called "A Day with Tolstoi." The Film Guild Cinema, this last week, had occasion to do this, and it's worth seeing. It is a film of the great man, taken without artifice and growing a little worn and dingy with time, but rather charming, not only for its glimpses of the author in his eightieth year but also for those of his family, of the ladies in their great skirts and high, wide hats, of the children, and of the Russia of that day, the Russia of comfortable country houses, unexpectedly like old sprawling houses to be found now along our own Hudson. —J. C. M.

•

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THE AR

Mauny's Circus—Naïvete

AMONG the many alluring exhibits in town, we found several this week that formed a sort of pattern of our time. We cannot recommend them as safe food for those brought up on the old definition of art—a narrative representation of some phase of physical life as familiar to the populace as "The Star-Spangled Banner"—but to any who feel that art is a thing essentially of the spirit, merely a means by which a person endeavors to put down his emotional reactions to his world and his kind, his dreams and his desires, these newer manifestations are cheering.

THE exhibition of Jacques Mauny at de Hauke is not a show for those who like their art all neatly tucked in. Mauny, to begin with, is a satirist, and he seldom puts his brush to canvas without having a lot of fun. If he manages to set down one of his fancies, he does not care what becomes of the remainder of the canvas. Often it becomes so much wall space. He possesses that rare restraint of not adding another ring or two to his circus when the main trick is its point of focus. He would never get a card to a sign-painters' union or an advertising-men's club.

For all that, you may find a great delight in Mauny. With his fun he has a tenderness, both in color and attitude, that goes a long way to offset his irony. Now and then he turns from the shadow of Gross and gets back into the old tradition of Utrillo and the objectivists; and when he does, he turns out some soft, poetic landscapes, possessed of great beauty. He is happiest, however, in his pranks, running out the Braque or the Picasso formula to his own conclusion.

THE show of Morris Kantor, at the galleries of Frank K. M. Rehn, ends Saturday, January 18. If we had known of this exhibit sooner we would have apprised you of it, for Kantor was one of the gay spots of last season.

We think he has gone ahead since last year and as yet has not been squeezed into a formula. In his "Hindu Woman" and his "Nude" he leans somewhat heavily on the Picasso in-

ALLERIES

Sculpture from the Congo

spiration, but in the "Still Life, No. 12" and the "Political Meeting on Union Square," he retains all of the naïveté and charm of intensity that constitute his *forte*. There is a certain kind of painting which cannot be sophisticated, and we feel that Kantor belongs to this class. He has a vitality and a love of color that throw him high up in the list of contemporaries. If he keeps his horse before his cart, we feel he will be rated as important. So far, he is capable of furnishing great delight and helping the trend away from worn-out modes.

GIANNI PARENTI, whose show at Durand-Ruel has just ended, is a pretty good example of the newer manifestations of the older way of painting. To us his work is, in effect, rather pleasing Academy. While retaining many of the worst features of the pictorial school, there are moments now and then when Parenti approaches the light. He has a nice touch and a soft color, making pleasant landscapes.

JOHN GRAHAM and Frank Crowninshield have their collection of negro sculpture at the Dudensing Galleries. The selection is not so extensive as some that have been shown, but there are moments of beauty. It does not take a specialist to enjoy African sculpture, for there is much honesty in these primitive gropings.

HERE AND THERE: Weyhe is holding a show of the drawings of Wanda Gag. . . . The New Society of Artists is having an exhibition of black and white drawings at the Art Center. . . . Anne Goldthwaite has a show at the Women's University Club during January. . . . Louis J. Borgo is at Ehrich's until January 25. . . . Ferargil is holding an exhibition of portraits in sculpture by seventeen contemporaries. . . . Wayman Adams and Roy Sheldon are on view at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries until January 25. . . . Nelson C. White and Erick Berry have a show at the Milch Galleries. . . . Rosina Emmet Sherwood shares the honors with the Edgerly portraits on ivory, by Countess Korzybski, in the rooms of the Junior League until January 22. . . . Thomas Herbert Smith is at the Holt Gallery. . . . Jean Charlot is showing at the Art Students' League.—M. P.

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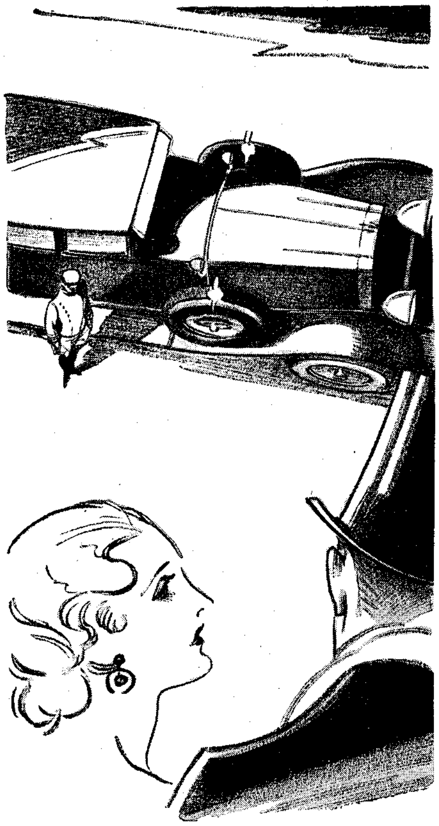

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♡—K-8-7
♢—A-Q-10-9-7-2
♣—6-3

WEST	EAST
♠—A-K-10-9-2	♠—7-6-5
♡—Q-J-6	♡—A-9-2
♢—K-J-6	♢—5
♣—9-4	♣—K-Q-J-7-5-2

SOUTH
♠—Q-J-3
♡—10-5-4-3
♢—8-4-3
♣—A-10-8

CAUGHT up in the wave of popularity of contract bridge, North, East, South, and West have decided to take a whirl at it, and this is their first hand. West held out strongly for a continuation of auction, insisting that old dogs might do well to hesitate about trying to learn new tricks, but he has at last given a grudging assent under the pressure of the combined pleadings of his fellow players. West is still grumbling to himself, and it must be admitted that none of the players appears any too sure of himself. A tabular summary of the contract scoring system occupies a prominent position on the table.

"There is really nothing very different about contract," says North, as much to reassure himself as the others. "The only difference is in the scoring."

"Yeah, and in the bidding," growls West. "The idea seems to be to bid about three tricks over your head, and then try to make it—just try!"

"Not at all, not at all!" says East, importantly. "To play contract properly, one must have a thorough knowledge of card valuation, and, second, an equally thorough knowledge of the values required for the various bids and doubles."

This speech holds everybody but West. "You learned that by heart out of a book, didn't you?" he says, with the discernment of a bridge partner.

"Well, let's play first and fight afterward," suggests South, and an uneasy silence ensues as all sink into deep thought, straining every brain cell to recall those passages in their favorite books on contract bridge which fit the present situation.

East, the dealer, figures that he

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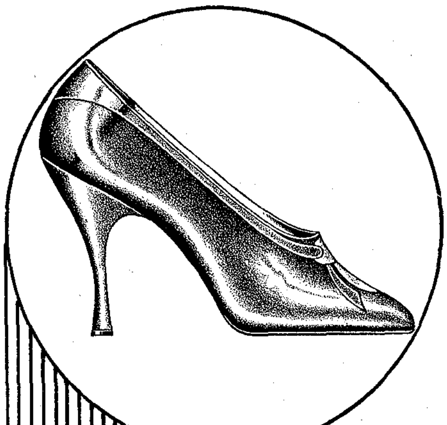

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has enough probable tricks to justify an original one-trick bid, so he says, "One club," and sits back with a sigh. South has spent many weary hours studying the principles of contract, with the net result that one idea has become fixed in his head, largely because it was mentioned in the last pages of all the books. It was: When in doubt, double. South accordingly doubles, and North wonders whether that means the same in contract as in auction. (Not that he is any too sure what a double means even in auction.)

West doesn't like minor-suit bids, so for no other reason at all, and strictly *not* because of any vast knowledge of card valuation, he bids one spade. North cannot recall a rule to fit the situation, but he likes his six-card suit, and he bids two diamonds. East is reassured by his partner's spade bid, and feels that it is an excellent time to pull off something startling. East bids four clubs and, with a valiant effort, succeeds in looking as if he knew what he was doing.

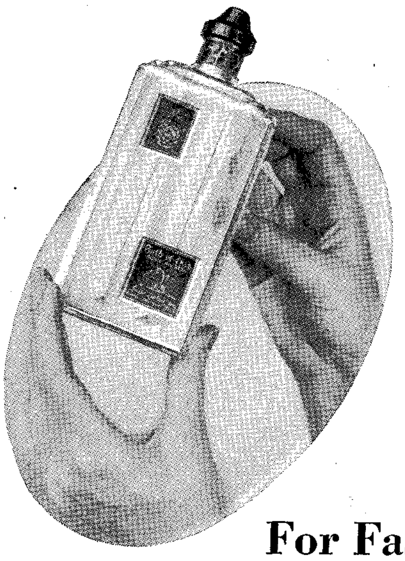
South passes, and fails to notice the raising of North's eyebrows at his failure to double positively. North always expects positive doubles after informative doubles. West recalls that one gets in contract only as much as one bids, and he kicks the bid up to five clubs. North thinks that he had better double, and he does so. East, his eyes alight, redoubles. After this, all pass. There is a general hitching forward of chairs as the play begins.

SOUTH leads his eight of diamonds, in faithful response to his partner's bid. East pulls the six out of dummy, and lets North take the trick with his ten. Too late, North realizes that he might better have let South's eight take the trick to retain the lead. But the card is played, and North finds himself in a bad way for a lead. He ponders deeply, and at last leads his seven of hearts. East tries his first finesse and is successful in taking the trick in dummy with the queen, which tops South's ten. East's course is now fairly clear, even to him, provided he gets a break in the distribution of spades. He leads the four of trumps from dummy, and sees his own jack covered by South's ace.

"Our book, partner," says South.

"Yes, indeed," replies North happily. "Now let's get some more."

But South's next lead, the four of diamonds, on which dummy plays the jack and North the queen, falls under East's deuce of trumps. East clears



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the other hands of trumps by leading his king and queen of clubs in rapid, decisive succession. He now leads his five of spades. South is squeezed and his queen falls under dummy's ace. The jack of hearts is now led from dummy. North covers the honor with his king, and groans as it is stopped by East's ace.

East leads his six of spades, and once more South gnashes his teeth as his jack is covered by dummy's king. Dummy's ten of spades is good for one more trick, and East's two remaining trumps clean up the rest.

"WHAT do you think of that, partner?" asks East complacently.

"I think you're pretty lucky," is West's candid reply. "But what the Sam Hill is the difference between that contract hand and an auction hand?"

"Well, anyway, there's a difference in the scoring," replies East. "Besides, in this hand, I had to make a more careful study of the value of my cards, in order to know how much we might safely bid. Of course, I took into consideration the fact that your one-spade bid indicated four probable tricks—"

"The hell it did!" denies West. "I was just taking you out of a minor bid into a major suit."

"Well," says East, subjecting the scoring table to a close and not too confident scrutiny, "we made five clubs, our contract, doubled and redoubled. That counts—hmmm!—eighty points a trick, or four hundred points below the line. And we get a premium of one hundred points above the line for making contract. We were not vulnerable."

"Not what?" demands West, the untutored.

"Not vulnerable," replies East, decisively.

"Oh," says West.

"There were no overtricks," proceeds East, "and no honor points, so that's all we get."

"We had thirty points in honors," suggests West.

"That doesn't mean anything in contract, my friend," replies East indulgently. "We're playing contract, you know, not auction—or did you know?"

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

Mrs. J. C. Baldwin, 49, received a fractured skull Thursday when she fell from a stepladder when washing dishes at her home.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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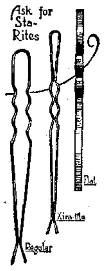

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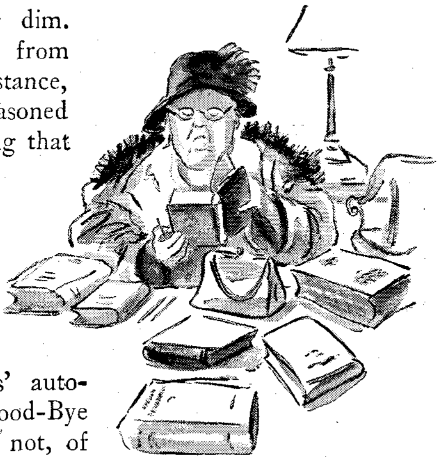
RECENT BOOKS

The War Again—Mothers and Criminals—Eerie Stories—Fascinating Facts

THE books about the war still come but, fortunately, the quality of the writing and thinking about it grows better as the shock of the actual catastrophe wears off. That is to say, men are thinking more truthfully about it now that the facts are getting dim. Two new books from England, for instance, contain much reasoned and critical writing that would have been impossible during those years when the anesthetic of propaganda had not yet worn off.



Robert Graves' autobiography, "Good-Bye to All That," is not, of course, strictly speaking, a war book. It is the record of a young man's life—Mr. Graves is only thirty-three—but the war cuts across it like a scar. In its details and in its record of a personal experience, the book is the story of Mr. Graves; but in a wider sense it is the history of a generation which, from its poets to its plumbers, was tragically crippled by the disaster.

If it seems a bit cocky to you that such a young poet should write his autobiography—a luxury of self-satisfaction allowed to statesmen, gunmen, and opera singers—I need only remind you that Mr. Graves has a story worth telling, and a most remarkably detached attitude toward the events of his own life. You will find in Mr. Graves' story no pseudo-frankness, no confessional emotionalism, but a terrifically grim candor. His account of his years at school is really a great indictment of a stupid, unhealthy educational system. His profound disgust with the war illusion is all the more convincing because Mr. Graves pathetically believed the lies himself.

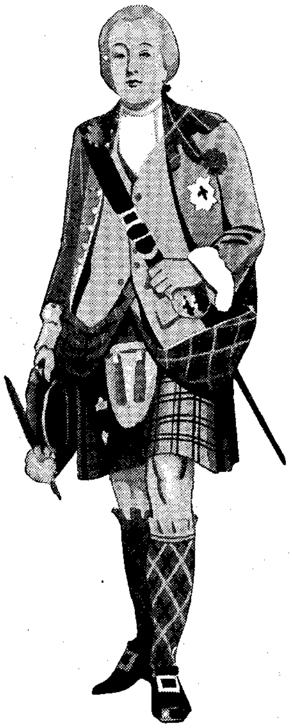
This, then, is the record of a man whose life was betrayed, and the irony of the betrayal lies in the fact that Mr. Graves is not English at all, but Irish and German; racially he was completely at odds with the pattern of life laid out for him by the accident of English birth. All through the book you feel the peculiar charm of his strange temperamental mixture.

I hope I haven't given you the impression that Mr. Graves' book is in any way a bleat. It is free from self-pity and it is written with blunt, sardonic humor. He is sensational only because he blurts out the truth like an honest child. His anecdotes of literary personages are succinct, unconventional, and amusing. For instance, when he was a boy, P. G. Wodehouse gave him a penny and advised him to invest it in marshmallows. Since then Mr. Graves never has been able to view Wodehouse's work with unbiased criticism. And his story of what Lytton Strachey said to the War Board, on being quizzed as a conscientious objector, is worth buying the book for.

IF Mr. Graves' autobiography is like a novel, then H. M. Tomlinson's novel, "All Our Yesterdays," is like an autobiography. Here is a story of the war which coincides with the author's own life. Mr. Tomlinson's early life was spent near the London waterfront. The book begins with ships and shipyards—and how well Mr. Tomlinson writes about them! Then he became a journalist; the editorial, journalistic stamp is all over the book.

Briefly, Mr. Tomlinson's novel is the history of a storm that first began to tune up when England became openly and definitely imperialistic. Mr. Tomlinson shows you how the seeds of the trouble were sown, how they lay dormant for years, and then, in some magnificent prose, he gives you a full panorama of the full fury of the war. He confines himself almost entirely to England's own plunge into the tragedy, and he finds the contributing causes in South Africa and in the jungles rather than on the Continent of Europe.

Strictly speaking, this isn't so much a novel as history plus personal experience and observation. Mr. Tomlinson's characters are merely figures who talk excellent journalism and move through a splendid background of description. Often they disappear entirely



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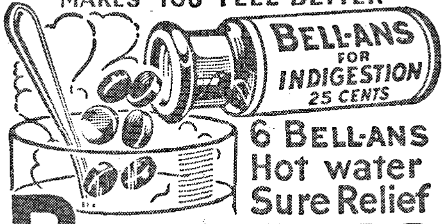

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for chapters, but this is legitimate, as the book is written in the first person. To me, the book lagged in its middle sections—it is divided into time periods—but the opening chapter is thrilling, the description of London's celebration of the victory of Mafeking is great writing, and the war chapters are gorgeous. And, if Mr. Graves has some good stories to tell, Mr. Tomlinson also has a few to contribute. I recommend especially the one about the American war correspondent and the general. It sounds true.

SOME months ago I read Helen Grace Carlisle's novel, "See How They Run," and thought it affected and a bit cheap. Just to prove that I do not hold a grudge, I apologize for doubting Miss Carlisle's talents. "Mothers Cry" is decidedly and unquestionably first-rate. Miss Carlisle tells the story of a gentle, blameless woman who, by some terrible trick of nature, gives birth to a criminal. Writing in what is known as the modern idiom, she uses her style to its best advantage; she achieves simplicity, directness, and the exact outline of the mind of the woman who is speaking. You feel that the story couldn't have been told so well in any other way. Moreover, Miss Carlisle writes tenderly and gently about a type of heroic mother usually found only in the movies—or, oddly enough, in real life.

Just to be still more extravagant in my praise of "Mothers Cry," I'll confess that it is one of three books in the past few years that have given me a jolt—the sort of jolt that makes you close the book and take a few brief turns around the room. In "Ultima Thule," I had a bad turn when Dr. Mahoney thought he saw the ghost of his little dead daughter. The death of the woman in "A Farewell to Arms" left me unhinged. And in "Mothers Cry," I had a few nasty moments when the mother accidentally saw the picture of the actual execution of her son in "one of those little papers."

IT is bad form for a reviewer to confess that she cannot read a book. But I couldn't read "Arundel," by Kenneth Roberts. A few chapters tell me that it is a good book; I have always admired Mr. Roberts' magazine articles for their sprightly information. "Arundel" is a story of the American Revolution, or rather of the march on Quebec. Fragments of it indicate that it is painstakingly documented and dashingly written.

The give-away is Booth Tarkington's recommendation on the jacket of the book. Mr. Tarkington says that "Arundel" will be enjoyed by anyone who liked "Lorna Doone" or "The Three Musketeers." Well, I never could wade through either, because there is a certain style of romantic novel that is nothing but a void to me. This is a personal deficiency and a real literary loss. I am sorry and not proud. But Mr. Roberts need not be disturbed. Every man who has seen "Arundel" around the house wants to read it. Only a few women who like a good old-fashioned cry have been interested in Miss Carlisle's book. So my general advice is "Arundel" for the men and "Mothers Cry" for the women.

"JOINING CHARLES" (and that's going out of your way for a title) is a book of short stories by Elizabeth Bowen. They would be just so many nicely written pieces if it were not that Miss Bowen has a genuine feeling for the eerie. It is hard to describe the quality of uneasiness that she puts in her stories; it is a sort of diluted horror. I liked best the story called "The Dancing Mistress." Miss Bowen's work has a tantalizing promise. She has a piquant reticence that places her much above the ranks of the other talented girls.

WHILE I couldn't finish "Arundel," I could read Stuart Chase's "Prosperity: Fact or Myth," a survey of the present Unpleasantness. It is a paper book, designed for timely reading. Among a vast collection of Fascinating Facts, I am disturbed to learn that the luckiest New York housewife, who is luckier than any of her sisters, still works thirty-five hours a week. It seems that this slender little statement ought to form the theme for another "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

—A. W. S.

•

THE QUESTION.

What is your idea of a good time on New Year's eve?

THE PLACE.

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THE ANSWER.

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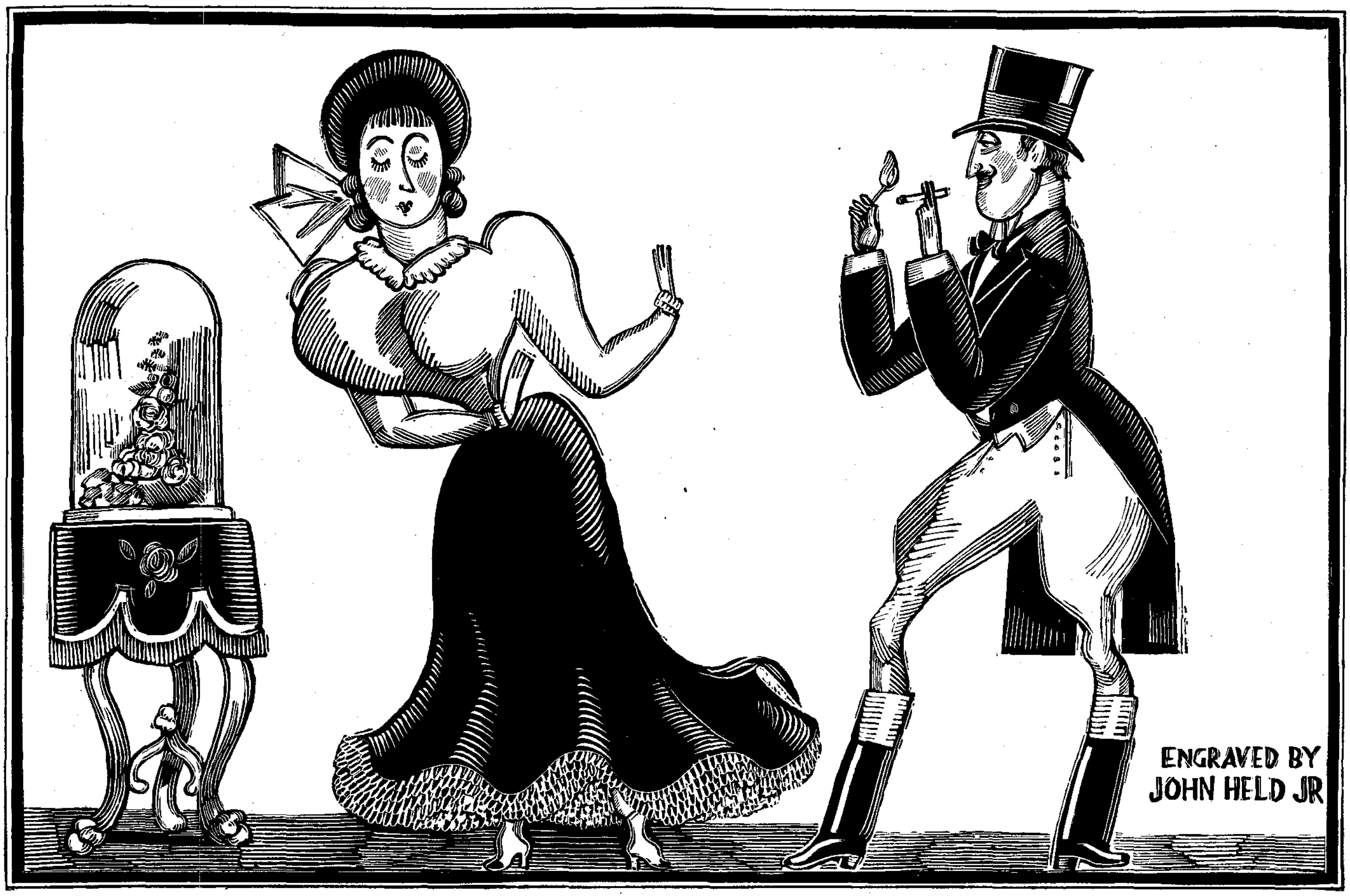
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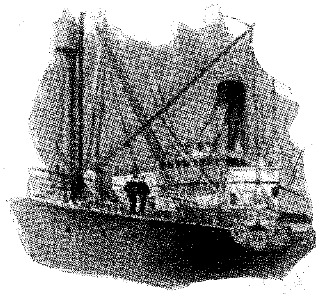

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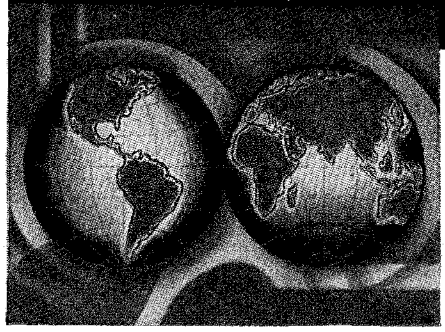

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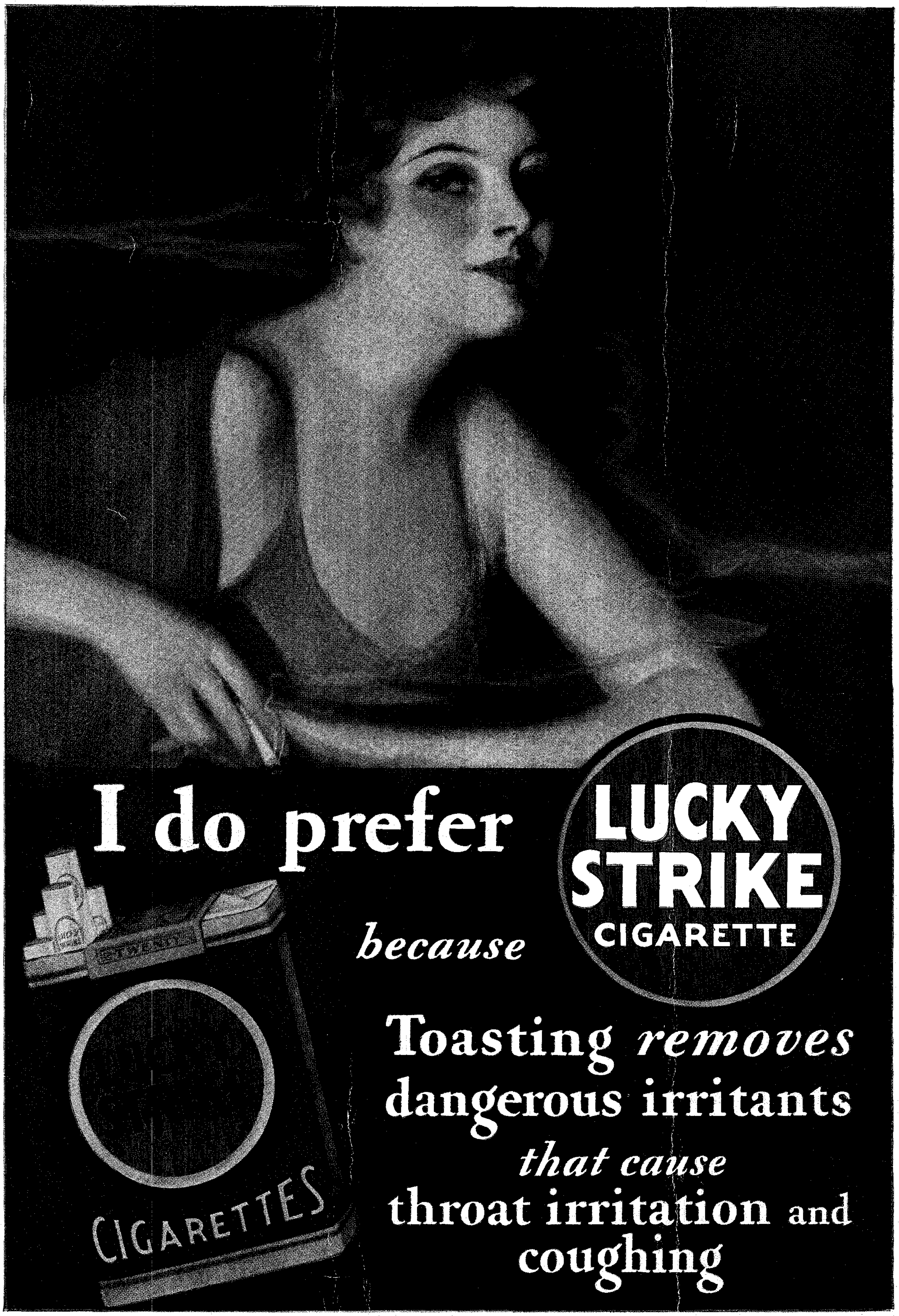
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